THE COMMONWEAL

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CONTENTS

The Warriors Come Riding 273
Week by Week 274
All the Americas 277
Rereading Châteaubriand 278
Exit Boulder Dam ..... William C. Murphy, jr. 280
Listening in Hyde Park ..... E. M. Almedingen 282
The Rising Shadow ..... Edward F. Murphy 284
The Shepherd of the Galley Slaves ..... Jules-Bois 287
Letter Before Departure *(verse)* ..... R. Ellsworth Larsson 289
Smoky Lanterns ..... Leo L. Ward 289
Vermont Winter *(verse)* ..... Ruth Langland Holberg 290
The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner 290
Communications 292
Sonnets ..... Joseph Auslander, S. C. N., Gustav Davidson, Sarah Litsey, Virgilia Peterson Ross, John Lee Higgins 294
Books ..... Mary Ellen Chase, Boyd-Carpenter, Walter V. Anderson, Katherine Brégy, Patrick J. Healy, Anna McClure Sholl, Shaemas O'Sheel, William Franklin Sands, Bertram C. A. Windle 295

THE WARRIORS COME RIDING

MAGNIFICENT opportunities confront some new Rodin. A whole Congress deeply bowed in thought is surely enough to stir any meditative soul. It has already come to pass that Boulder Dam, almost immemoriably the sieve that separated minds, disappears in the cheerful garb of a compromise. The idealism which Mr. Kellogg wrote into the pact of Paris seems to have encountered no obstacle more serious than a few perfunctory misgivings, which are, however, of the species which has often bred delay. Latin-American relations have definitely improved in several important ways. First, the trip of Mr. Hoover followed up the resolute "good-will campaign" of the past seasons. Then proof that the Pan-American Conference could really function at least opened the door to new conceptions of international coöperation in the Americas, and the State Department played the right card in suggesting that arbitrators for the Paraguay-Bolivia dispute be selected from among the authorities of neighboring states. Who knows but that a way out of the Mexican embroglio may also finally wind through South America?

To consider even as many matters as these would fairly tax the energies of any legislative body. But there are many others, and when the Senate seats itself to discuss any one of them, the debate is likely to wax hot and long. This basic fact the President-elect, for whom all has moved so smoothly thus far, cannot afford to overlook. The liberal senators and congressmen who stood with him through the campaign have never for a moment hesitated to declare that the farm relief problem is the one which interests them most deeply. They also know from experience what happens to a debate on this subject during the course of a busy congressional session. Nor is it easy—so much anybody will concede to Senator Borah—to arrive at a satisfactory decision regarding the fate of a whole industry and of the vast population which that industry supports.

Against the Senator's demand for a special session devoted to this and the tariff many things can be said. None of them is more pertinent than the feeling that if Congress had not messed affairs up so frightfully during past sessions, it would have ample time for

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new business. An excellent case in point here is the Muscle Shoals altercation between the President and the Senate. Mr. Coolidge lets it be known that he wants a transfer of the property to some suitable private corporation for management. Congress fails to discover any such corporation, and recommends public operation. Thereupon Mr. Coolidge "pocket vetos" the bill, and a fight is now on to determine if he is legally entitled to kill a measure in this way. Through such tortuous channels much of our public business must pick its way, and time necessarily becomes an important factor. But after all what we get from Congress is probably the best of which we as a people are capable, and the business does get itself done somehow.

To concentrate attention upon the farm relief problem during a special session ought to prove of great advantage. But it would also, of course, turn the spotlight upon the leading western senators, whose personal leadership has never been stronger. Whether Mr. Hoover desires this, or whether he wishes to maintain peace for his administration by some other expedient, remains to be seen. All one knows is that the "farm bloc" is in the saddle and that, this time, the goal is either a treaty of peace or war without quarter, given or taken. The day of reckoning can be postponed no longer.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE current American policy of complete aloofness from any European problems that have any connection with the Versailles treaty or the League of Nations, is nicely followed by the administration's decision regarding American delegates to the expert committee for the settlement of reparations. President Coolidge is willing that Americans should participate, but he leaves no doubt that this nation officially disassociates itself from the negotiations. Nor would America designate the men for the task. With the work of Charles G. Dawes, Owen D. Young and S. Parker Gilbert in mind, the desire of the various powers for American financial experts is easily understandable, for their greatest need is an independent and impartial judgment. This becomes more important when the very scope of the reparations conference is so uncertain and so provocative of argument. Mr. Gilbert's opinion that the German debt should now be commercialized is at variance with the belief held in certain French quarters that the Dawes plan can continue to operate for several more years. An American will be best fitted to direct the negotiations and steer the committee clear of entanglements. The hope that the way is now open for a definite and final settlement of this complicated question, which has irritated Europe for nine years, may be too sanguine, it is true, but it is not premature nor impossible of fulfilment.

Americans and Reparations

LAST summer when William S. Vare in Kansas City anticipated Secretary Mellon by declaring for Herbert Hoover, he raised himself to a position in the Republican party which foreboded considerable trouble for the successful candidate. From the standpoint that an ill wind blows some good, the Pennsylvanian's sickness spared the G. O. P. a certain embarrassment during the campaign. Now, however, his shadow falls heavy on the Senate where the investigation of the election contest, brought by the unsuccessful Democratic candidate, William B. Wilson, against Vare, is being made under the leadership of that stormy petrel, Senator James B. Reed. Because of the fact that questions involving the seat of a Senator are of highest privilege, friends of the Kellogg treaties, to which Senator Reed is strongly opposed, see a filibuster looming. Mr. Vare hedged last summer when his presence before the investigating committee was requested. Today his excuse is unqualifiedly valid but the Missouri Senator is now willing to take the testimony of Vare's attorney so that the committee can make an early report. The pact supporters are, perhaps, too suspicious of its opponents, but it is well if they can nip any plan to prevent the approval of the multilateral treaties. The country's growing impatience with Senatorial procedure will receive new impetus should the pressing and numerous matters before the Senate be left untouched because of obdurate and obstructive tactics. On the other hand it is gratifying to note that nothing indicating the possibility that Vare will be seated (which impended last June) has been advanced.

Vare Casts His Shadow

ON SAPELO ISLAND, where President and Mrs. Coolidge spent their Christmas holiday, stand the ruins of a Spanish monastery. The house that gave them shelter is palatially Spanish in architecture. Spanish moss hangs eerily from the live oaks; the Spanish bayonet thrusts its clustered bell flowers into the blue sky; the mimosa, poinsettia and bougainvillea splash their colors over the countryside. Nowhere in America could the President have found a more complete contrast to his own Vermont, nor, this side of the Mississippi, a land more stamped with the impress of the early Spanish settlers and missionaries. Today few tangible evidences of their colonization remain but their spirit still lingers to add a charm to a land already rich in picturesqueness and beauty. Threading the inlet channels, Mr. Coolidge must certainly have felt that he was in touch with something new in his experience, and that in many other sections of America he could discover similar diversity to those where he has lived. This, then, is the country which he has headed yet never known. One cannot wonder that before this thought, with all its implications of the immensity of the task, Mr. Coolidge is glad that he is leaving the Presidency.

The Calm of Sapelo

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AS WAS generally expected the Durant prize award brought out neither a new nor sure-fire plan to enforce prohibition. Parenthetically it might be asserted that the donor's underlying motive—to attain excellent publicity for the Durant name—has moved to a satisfactory end. Major Chester P. Mills, the $25,000 winner, has evolved what is at once a plan and an alibi. Since, as former Prohibition Administrator, he was in a position to execute just the proposal that prohibition be made effective by cutting off the sources of alcohol supply, Major Mills was put to the necessity of explaining why he did not accomplish the end indicated. His answer is politics. Politicians, undoubtedly with mixed motives, were victorious over him. Nevertheless Major Maurice Campbell, New York Prohibition Administrator, is not just in his scoring of the Mills plan. He termed it "past history," which the plan certainly is, but with one important exception—it has not been tried comprehensively nor fairly. To insure this result many and diverse factors have weight and no effective system can be plotted without making provision for their elimination. How can Major Mills expect his plan to be put in any remote working order if politicians can so readily and facilely remove the enactment agent? He makes no proposal to raise the honesty-level of officials, nor is he particularly concerned with the illegitimate and extensive distillation of alcohol in this country or the smuggling of liquor.

Dr. Mills Prescribes

THIS lack was the burden of most criticism from the present officers charged with prohibition enforcement. That it was justified is made too plain by the promptness of Major Mills's rebuttal, which declared that while the "fundamental principles of the plan" were not worked out in detail because of space limits, their application to every phase of the problem was implied and should have been understood. Unfortunately one requires more than an implied application. Of course the fundamental principle of the prize-winning plan is to make the sale of liquor so unprofitable that no one will enter its illicit trafficking. This, too, is questionable, since no limit can yet be set on the price that those desiring a commodity will pay. The policy, too, is at odds with the present tendency of the Department of Justice which seeks enforcement through the penalization of buyers. So far judges and juries have been able to block all efforts to distort the Volstead Act into this interpretation. The decision of Federal Judge William H. Kirkpatrick of Philadelphia, that the mere purchase of liquor does not constitute an offense, is an example in point. On the other hand, his opinion that when the purchase involves transportation the prohibition laws declare the purchaser guilty, draws a legal line exceedingly fine and dangerous. The decision on appeal of this case to the United States Supreme Court will embody one of the most far-reaching developments of prohibition enforcement today. Should a dry victory result, new impetus must be given to an educational movement recently inaugurated by national leaders of the Anti-saloon League. This embraces an extensive plan to convert high school and college boys and girls to prohibition doctrines. Toward this end it is proposed to send into a school two prohibition workers who will stage a dramatic debate bringing out by argument the facts about the dry régime. It is scarcely necessary to point out the innate viciousness of such propangandism or the importance of blocking such methods at their inception.

THOSE made cynical by too close study of the ways of politics and politicians label the clean-up campaign, which marked the first week of New York's Police Commissioner, as spectacular camouflage. Others, tinged with pessimism, are sincere in their prayer, but doubtful of its answer, that the work of the new administration will not be that of a new broom. Yet Commissioner Grover Whalen, in such a short time, has made astoundingly certain the belief that lax methods in police departments are far too responsible for continuance of crime. Criticism that his drastic changes and rapid actions have been effected with lightning-like and unconsidered rapidity, must fall before the evident fact that the Commissioner made a careful study of police conditions before he was sworn into office. The round-up of criminals before Christmas was certainly more than a sensational stunt. It demonstrated that they are allowed a freedom of movement which has heretofore remained unchecked by detectives or patrolman. Mr. Whalen's new plan is to give his men unqualified support in their fight against law-breakers. To this purpose, he has sought the aid of the district attorneys and magistrates for he recognizes that successful crime curtailment requires whole-hearted coöperation from the courts. Politics or no politics, this is what he has a right to expect. We firmly believe he will secure it, and that the administration of New York's police department under Whalen will be an example to officials of other cities.

New Brooms and the Police Commissioner

SO COMPLETE is the censorship of news from Mexico that little discreditable to the present régime comes through to the world. But a government that throttles all news sources can certainly not be expected to refrain from manufacturing accounts. If President Portes Gil actually issued the orders that no executions be effected until the full requirements of civil law had been complied with, his intentions must be comprehended before he is to be praised. Unfortunately most of the statements of recent Mexican executives have been grandiloquently designed to impress the outside world. Surely the Mexican censor committed a grave oversight in allowing to pass the report of the summary trial and hang-

Summary Executions in Mexico

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ing of three men, reputed bandits, in the state of Puebla the day after the presidential edict. Federal commanders throughout the republic have shown dissatisfaction with the order, because they believe that swift death penalties must be exacted to discourage highwaymen. By the Puebla hangings they put this dissatisfaction into terms of disobedience, or else the orders ostensibly issued to them were never delivered.

THE law of supply and demand forced on the Radio Commission a delicate problem of adjustment which, after a year of study, has resulted in what will be a much-attacked solution. This was the allocation of the transcontinental short-wave channels available between 1,000 and 6,000 kilocycles for federal, marine, commercial and press services, geophysical exploration, aviation, railroads, amateurs, visual radio and experimentation. Since there are but 639 of these channels and the commission received requests for 2,204, someone must be disappointed and, human nature being what it is, numerous complaints of prejudiced discrimination can be expected. The application of the Radio Corporation of America and of the Mackay Radio and Telegraph Company for new stations for communications within the United States were not among those disallowed, but were "passed for further consideration" by the commission. Yet the Universal Wireless Communication Company was awarded forty of the seventy commercial channels. This action was explained by Commissioner Lafount as justified by the fact that this company is financially able and technically equipped to use the channels in such a way as to provide the greatest possible public service to the largest number of people situated in almost every state of the union. This is certainly the end most desired. It is to be hoped that it can be reached without resort to long and involved court action.

Digging the Channels for Radio

ON THE very eve of the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, a preponderant majority in America laughed at the idea that prohibition laws would ever be written in the constitution of this country. Unquestionably the victory of a militant minority was due in great measure because there was no prepared and organized resistance. Today we find new minorities massing their forces to secure other prohibitions by governmental action. Among these is the Lord's Day Alliance which has just announced its intention of working "to prohibit broadcasting on Sundays of anything but purely religious music or oratory." Obviously this is but a step in the Alliance's program to restore the old blue laws, which, although disregarded, yet remain on the statute books of many states. The surest way to fight such a program is to fight it from its very inception. Consequently it is gratifying that the National Association Opposed to Blue Laws has been formed with the sole purpose indicated by its name, and that it has taken a decided stand against what might well prove to be an opening wedge for national enforcement of Sabbath observance. Little less innocuous than listening to a radio, no matter what the entertainment, can be imagined, and the advocates of the reform might well be satisfied with the fact that already the programs of the majority of stations on Sundays are devoted almost entirely to religious features and really fine and inspirational music.

Blue Sunday Broadcasted

THE most provoking report to come out of the meeting of the American Economic Association at Chicago was Professor Slichter's analysis of employment percentages in the United States since the war, and his conclusion that improved methods of production have resulted in an increase rather than a falling off of factory employment. The observations on which he bases this are worthy of attention. He finds that "the industries in which the greatest increase in per capita output has occurred are not necessarily those in which there has been displacement of labor." The largest increases in production per employee during the past eight years have been in the rubber and automobile industries, and at the same time the number of workers employed in them increased 12 and 24 percent. What is unreasonable in this is that Professor Slichter fails to take account of the fact that the markets for these industries have expanded so tremendously that more men have been needed despite the increased output per worker made possible by improved machinery. He does not fail to consider market conditions, however, when dealing with industries in which employment has diminished, noting that "they are industries in which markets have rapidly and even suddenly contracted," and in at least twenty-three of them this contraction has been a major reason for the slump in employment. If the market is responsible for a shortage of jobs in one case, it may also be held responsible for the increase in another, and it does no good to argue that a machine which does the work of ten men is creating new opportunities for the man power it has displaced.

Machines and Labor

THE United States Shipping Board never appeared to be more in keeping with its purpose than when it equipped the Ward Line to meet Cunard competition in the New York to Havana service by lending the President Roosevelt from its transatlantic fleet. The drama of the situation which arose when the Cunard Line decided to enter this route is enough to excite and elicit our sympathies for the cause of the less powerful American companies, and we must take this prejudice into account in looking into the merits of the case. The defense of the English company is that the importance of the route

Coastwise Shipping

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justifies the use of a commodious ship, that it will engage only in passenger service, and that its decision was openly transmitted to the companies interested. The United States Shipping Board defends its intervention by pointing out that the route has been established and maintained by American ships, and that, as the native companies have contracted for large and expensive vessels in order to better the service, they must be protected. All these arguments are interesting, but of secondary importance. What constitutes coastwise shipping is the thing to determine. If it includes the New York to Havana route, the action of the Cunard Line is certainly an encroachment. If it does not, regardless of what injury it may do the American merchant marine, ships of any nation should be free to enter. It seems to us that in view of the well-established tradition regarding the route, and the predominance of American influence in Cuban history, the weight of opinion should be on the side of the United States lines.

Curbing the Nile

WITH the building of Assuan dam, man made great improvement on nature's effective but too drastic flooding of the Nile valley. Besides controlling the waters, the dam added over a million arable acres to Egypt. New and extensive areas will be brought under cultivation if the proposal to heighten the dam, which has recently been suggested to the government by the international technical commission on the Assuan dam, is adopted. Egypt is most favorably disposed. Premier Mahmud not only urges the addition to the dam but further advocates the construction of a reservoir in the Sudan at Gebelaw. Some Egyptian politicians oppose this plan since the water would be British-controlled, but a future-looking policy is certain to transcend nationalistic bounds. Perhaps no other country has so well known the inestimable benefits of irrigation, and most similar projects elsewhere have been based on knowledge of conditions as they existed and now are along the Nile. The important lesson of the value of water is becoming more and more incorporated in public projects, and today that country which neglects either supply, control or power suffers tremendous loss.

Abie's Irish Rose in Court

MISS ANNE NICHOLS'S suit of plagiarism against Universal Pictures has provided much more subtle humor than the famous play which was both the greatest theatrical success and the greatest annoyance to theatrical critics. Witness Miss Nichols, enriched five millions and more by her production, testifying that she was weary of hearing about Abie's Irish Rose. Witness her declaration that she wanted to forget it because her mind was now on "better and finer things." Witness the lawyers comparing Abie and Rose to Romeo and Juliet, to Lorenzo and Jessica, and Miss Nichols herself, to Shakespeare, Shaw, Ibsen, Gorky and Brieux. The court room dripped quotations from Aristotle to Malevinsky, one of the Nichols's attorneys, who has written a book on the drama. "Ah, Romeo [Abie] wherefore art thou, Romeo [Abie]?" chants Nathan L. Miller, defense counsel. "What's in a name? A rose [even the famous Irish rose] by any other name would smell as sweet." The poor Cohens and the Kellys of the screen were swamped under the oratory that sought to prove or disprove that the formula of Abie's success is a common possession. We move that Miss Nichols take them—the attorneys and herself—and weld a comedy for the stage.

Easy Street Eventually

THE first record of a lifetime "pass" to be issued by an airway comes from Germany, where the Lufthansa corporation recently complimented Herr Peter Supf in such a manner. Herr Supf was an aviator during the war, and since then has specialized in aeronautic verse, issuing not only a volume of his own poems on the subject, but what is still inconceivable on this side of the water, an anthology of aviation beginning with an Assyrian song written about 3000 B. C. It is now pertinent, in the manner of a literary critic, to speculate upon the effect which Lufthansa's recognition of his talents will have on their future output. Will he be encouraged to continue as pioneer in a new field for poetry, or will sudden prospects of ease tempt him to try his hand at other subjects? Why not, in coming years, an anthology of hotel ballads, and volumes of original verses drawn from the routine of tailors and grocers? If these could be rewarded as well as his Songs from the Air, Herr Supf might eventually put himself on easy street, although he would have to work quickly. Competition is not slow in catching up with the pioneer these days, especially if there are shining nuggets at the end of the trail.

ALL THE AMERICAS

THE best New Year's wish anyone can devise for the western hemisphere is that the Pan-American Conference be well advised in arbitrating the dispute between Paraguay and Bolivia. In the immediate satisfaction which followed acceptance of the Conference's proffer of mediation it seemed that the important thing was not how the dispute should be settled, but that the Conference should be recognized as a true and powerful representative of opinion in these continents, and its prestige definitely established. That it should be given a chance to operate was the big thing at the time. And reasonably, too, for it meant at least the temporary muffling of a quarrel which might have resulted in a war of six nations, possibly seven, and these the greatest in South America.

But this danger is no longer imminent, and the point of emphasis changes. The Conference has seized its

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opportunity, but if it does not put it to good advantage, its new-found prestige will be severely tried. It is not strong enough, as yet, to recover easily from any great mistake; the very deep bitterness which has followed some of the adjustments of the League of Nations would be fatal in its case. In fairness let it be noted that the diplomatic problem which it has undertaken is of the most difficult nature. Shut off of a port on the Pacific as the result of its war with Chile in the last century, Bolivia will certainly be displeased at any proposal to take away an inch of the land it claims along the Paraguay River, principal outlet to the Atlantic for its exports of rubber, metal and hides. Nor would Paraguay be likely to accept an arrangement awarding the Gran Chaco to Bolivia. Yet something must be done to clarify these boundaries which are at the bottom of the trouble; it would be the most superficial treatment which would rest content with the discovery of which nation was the aggressor in the recent fights along the border, and the awarding of damages. If the Conference does no more than this it will be simply throwing away its present advantage, which is the chance to seek a permanent solution of the difficulty. From our very distant viewpoint there would seem to be great possibilities in the fixing of a new boundary line between the Pilcomayo and Paraguay Rivers along latitude 21 or possibly 20.50 south. Such an adjustment would give to Bolivia the sites it desires for river ports, while Paraguay would receive a considerable share of the lands in dispute, which should be satisfactory since its interest in the case cannot be the acquisition of more river frontage than it already has.

So much is at stake, however, that it is with considerable hesitancy that any proposition to allocate territories is put forward. Matters involved are of wider scope and significance than the acquisition of some marshes by the government at Asuncion or a bend in the river by La Paz. For ever since the nations of this hemisphere first asserted their independence, they have been moving, if unsteadily, toward the development of a composite and common personality. They have advanced together politically; there has been a common social movement, too, if so slow as to be almost imperceptible. Different as are the nations of Europe one from another, you can still speak of a European tradition and a European idea without speaking nonsense. But if you speak of things American, referring not to the United States alone, but to the whole of these lands between Cape Horn and the mouth of the MacKenzie, you are speaking of something which is just beginning to exist, and which has not yet been clearly defined.

Now the failure of a board of conciliation to settle the Gran Chaco quarrel might not hinder, more than slightly, this development, but a success would give it an unexpected acceleration. We should see it taking form through the Pan-American Conference, through this union which was established without the ceremonial trumpets that sounded the birth of the League of Nations, but which might prove its worth by exerting a strength derived not from an artificial mechanism but from a natural development utilizing it, when the time came, as its instrument of expression. Inevitably the Americas must make common cause. The interests of politics and of trade demand it. They will grow as one, and it is increasingly apparent that, no matter how rapidly and safely airplanes travel in the future, such unity will never characterize the relations between Europe and its mistaken Indies. Buenos Aires and Washington understand each other better than either ever has or will know Madrid and London. And that is the justification for the President-elect's journey southward; and there is the core of that journey's ultimate significance.

REREADING CHÂTEAUBRIAND

CHÂTEAUBRIAND called his book The Genius of Christianity. After having fed oneself on those melodious, melancholy sentences now so much talked of by reason of various romantic centenaries, one feels that the book is, after all, no greater than its title. By endowing the Christian religion with the charm of "genius," Châteaubriand made it appeal to what was the particular interest of his age. The faith which had ascended so many marble steps to the throne of Caesar he recommended to an era deeply in love with classical antiquity as the creative agent of marvelous accomplishments in comparison with which the triumphs of Napoleon were the successes of a child's game. His argument is still persuasive. The twentieth century continues to talk of the cultural performance of the Church in a way which the mediaeval faithful would hardly have understood. But it is already clear that something else is wanted, that a new title for Christianity should be sought.

Is it, so many are asking, possible to "interest" modern people in religion? All due allowance having been made for la bassesse humaine—the bestiality and aridity of mankind—the fact remains that millions find church-going and what goes with it so tedious that they drift away. In the United States Sunday morning is not the frightful bore which appears in numberless English novels only because such vast crowds have taken up golf and motoring. Even the old-fashioned Catholic who watches his children crowd a thousand pleasures into every week-end may well wonder if they realize the true significance of the Sabath day. More immediately apparent (and perhaps more ominous) however, is the lack of appeal which seems to characterize Christian attitudes and points of view as compared with the steam calliope's of non-religious shows. Can anything be done about it all?

We turn to Saint Philip Neri, about whom two French scholars have recently written a splendid biography. His is the positively amazing story of a poor country lad who wandered into a Rome completely

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demoralized by the renaissance and the attendant religious revolution. Few people paid much attention to what the Church stood for, and indeed churchmen themselves were often not serious. Nevertheless Philip, first a solitary and then a priest, succeeded almost single-handed in making the Christian faith more absorbing and interesting to tens of thousands than all else in Rome. One must read the whole narrative as outlined by the two scrupulous biographers in order to understand how veritably marvelous all this was. Nor does it seem possible to advance any other explanation than this: Saint Philip possessed sanctity, which may be defined as absolute sincerity in man's relations with God, and he was likewise endowed with humanism, which in turn may be described as absolute sincerity in man's relation with man. And one may wager everything he has that these two things will always guarantee the success of an apostolate.

Is there any other recipe? Well, another one has been widely tried. A dozen illustrious Protestant churchmen have devoted their great gifts to "making Christianity conform with the modern mind." Some Catholics have tried much the same thing. It is assumed that the contemporary era has accumulated knowledge, attitudes and problems which have a clear right to supersede all tradition. To defend the Christian heritage against them is like trying to conserve the stage-coach once the railroad has come. Particularly important is the modern "capacity for belief." Born into a society which science has helped to render critical and not credulous, the twentieth-century youngster will run away if you try to make him swallow a collection of outmoded beliefs. In accordance with this drift of thought, a form of apologetic has developed which does not always go as far as Dr. Fosdick but which moves in the same direction. There is something to be said for it, of course. It is never right to be superstitious. It is never right to be wrong.

But obviously this movement does not make the Christian faith interesting at all. As a matter of fact, it transforms it into something inexpressibly dull and meaningless. If the "modern mind" has really got so far ahead of Christianity that this must be painfully overhauled and made to suit, there can be no doubt as to which of the two is superior. Why—the emancipated scientist might legitimately ask—adulterate the good draught? And we believe it is wholly correct to say that the total effect of the liberalizing movement has been to pockmark souls with all manners of hypocrisy, for the most part quite unconscious. If Christ never performed a miracle, why should we be interested in Him? If the Providence of God is not active in the world, why should one cling to a creed which has lived by its belief in Providence? If man can make the revelation of Divinity over to his measure, why should not our shrines be placed at the feet of man?

"Modern mind Christianity" exists only because those who cannot believe in the things of faith to conserve the benefits of virtue. Its paradoxical basic principle is this: man can refashion the content of the Christian faith to his liking, but that faith in turn can transfigure man according to its lofty standard. In all truth the zest of Voltaire has become actual fact, and the humanity which has lost the Lord is inventing Him for the reason of its bitter need! And, though the remark may seem strange, we believe that this journey of the modern mind teaches us an important practical truth. There is a difference between the accumulated intellectual culture of mankind and its spiritual necessities. The first are relative, shifting and sometimes things of play. You may take the science of hydraulics seriously, but after all no man is judged by his bath-tub. Art is a marvelous creature, but its fundamental reason for being is irenic pleasure. But the second—the spirit's indispensable demands—do not alter, are eternal and of the marrow. The soldier did not run from Thermopylae, Macbeth did slay the king.

Have we not in a measure lost sight of this truth? Following Châteaubriand we have believed that the cultural achievements of the Church are of primary importance—that the chief function of Christianity is to be the "saviour of society." If this statement were true, it would follow that the renaissance Popes were more illustrious than Saint Peter himself, and that Richelieu deserves the highest homage possible. Since it is not true, we have suffered from at least a few bad conclusions. First, the feeling that if the shepherds of ecclesiastical life are not great scientists or encyclopedias of learning, they are somehow "behind the times." Secondly, the fancy that Catholics must accept only those contributions to culture which have been made by Catholics—an idea which the Fathers of the Church would have considered strange and which is manifestly dangerous. Let us say then that the experience of the Faith, as well as the truths of the Faith, are a different thing entirely. They are to be found not in mathematics or literature but in the liturgical life.

Are we then to ignore or forget the services rendered by Christians to civilization? Not at all. Saint Philip Neri (and, of course, so many other saints) was integrally a humanist. He could not have been so full, ripe and good a character otherwise. The arts and sciences, rightly considered, are the servants of the humanist and so are vastly more than simple playthings. But all of them put together will never make a man a Christian. Calvary has given us not the Louvre but the Faith. And it was this last, beautiful with glory from beyond and empowered to turn the light of God upon desperately stumbling humankind, which once made the Christian teacher more interesting to the world than kings or philosophers. What if our lives were once more fully lighted up by its reality? Then we should walk abroad, bringing our toys and dictionaries, but proving ourselves unbelievably attractive by reason of that joy within us "which no man knows."

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EXIT BOULDER DAM

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

SOMETHING irreplaceable departed from the Washington scene when President Coolidge signed the Boulder Dam Bill on December 21. It is true the dam is yet to be built and that is an undertaking likely to consume ten years or more. It is also true that there may be protracted legal battles before the actual construction can be started. Certainly, many months will be required for the negotiation of contracts and leases before the way will be cleared, even if there is no important controversy. But all of these things are prosaic in comparison with the picturesque appeals to save human lives and property, and the equally impassioned protests against alleged infringements upon the sovereign rights of states, which have echoed through the halls of Congress for these many years that the project has been a subject of debate. The Boulder Dam bill had become one of the institutions of the capital, like the Washington Monument or the Lincoln Memorial—which the bill antedated by many years—and now it is gone.

It is doubtful if there has ever been another piece of legislation which served to bring so clearly into relief the infinite variety of currents and cross-currents which make up American political and economic life. Moreover, it presented issues which go down to the foundations of political science, which call for interpretation and delimitation of the respective sovereignties of state and nation upon which the federal government rests. Superficially, the problem seemed to be a simple one. The Colorado River, uncontrolled, is a menace to life and property and its possibilities for useful service are wasted. If it is controlled and harnessed it may be made to provide water for domestic use and for irrigation of arid lands, power to light cities and turn the wheels of industry; and its potentialities for destruction of life and property may be nullified. The plan presented called for an advance from the federal treasury, but the amount is not large as such things go nowadays and, moreover, the experts (although not unanimously) declare that the project will be able to repay the government and ultimately become a source of profit. At first glance it would be difficult to understand why there should be any opposition.

But let us see what are some of the interests involved. There is the Imperial Valley of California, with its 65,000 inhabitants whose lives and fortunes are dependent upon the capricious favor of the Colorado River; there are the seven Colorado basin states, Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming, whose economic and political rights called for consideration; there are the cities of southern California, faced, they assert, with a shortage of drinking water for their rapidly growing populations unless the Colorado is tapped for that purpose; there are the owners and prospective owners of the countless acres of arid lands which may be made fertile by irrigation (here was a major point of controversy because there is not enough water in the Colorado to irrigate all of the arid lands in the basin states, and each state, naturally, sought to protect its own interests); there are the powerful hydro-electric companies which do not want to encourage government development or operation of power facilities, and opposed to this group there are the advocates of municipal ownership; there is an international aspect, because Mexico uses millions of acre-feet of water from the Colorado and would, very naturally, be unwilling to see the supply diminished below her needs.

Most of these interests need only to be mentioned to be understood, but the Imperial Valley is one of the world's geographic paradoxes. Ages ago this valley was a part of the Gulf of California. The Colorado emptying into the Gulf far north of the present mouth of the river was then, as now, engaged in excavating the Grand Canyon. Every year the river brought down great quantities of silt, an amount which engineers have estimated to be as much each year as the entire volume of earth excavated in the construction of the Panama Canal. In the course of centuries the river built up a wall across the Gulf and then turned south to its present outlet. The northern part of the ancient Gulf, thus cut off from its source of supply, dried up except for that part now known as the Salton Sea. It became an arid waste until man irrigated it with waters diverted from the Colorado and carried through a canal which runs for sixty miles through Mexican territory. The river is still carrying down huge quantities of silt, however, and is building its own bed higher and higher above the valley. Some engineers contend that in another twenty years the river will have again erected a barrier to check its own flow and will be diverted north to flow into the valley instead of into the present Gulf. Since the valley is below sea level, it could not be drained and, once inundated, would become a vast inland lake—which would be quite inconvenient for the 65,000 persons who live in that area.

In the early years of the present century the river did go on a rampage and break into the valley. Notwithstanding the most heroic efforts it was more than two years before it could be diverted into its former channel, and the situation today is such that it is doubtful if another such feat actually could be accomplished.

The late President Roosevelt, in a message to Congress in 1907, recommended legislation which in broad

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outline was not dissimilar to the Swing-Johnson bill, now become a law. Since that time the question of Boulder Dam has been one of perennial debate and controversy in and out of Congress.

The Colorado River Compact entered into in 1923 was designed to adjust the rights of the basin states and pave the way for federal action. All of the basin states except Arizona ratified this Compact. Utah later withdrew, and California's ratification was made conditional upon the enactment of federal legislation to put the agreement into effect. Amendments inserted in the bill by the Senate are thought to have paved the way for another ratification by Utah, but Arizona has shown no signs of yielding. The day before President Coolidge signed the bill, the Arizona legislature adopted a memorial asking him to veto it on the ground that it is an unconstitutional attack upon the sovereignty of that state. As the law stands, it provides that the project may be carried out after the Compact has been ratified by six states and after a period of six months has elapsed.

Briefly, the new law authorizes an appropriation of $165,000,000 for the construction of the dam and power plant at Boulder or Black Canyon between Arizona and Nevada, and for irrigation projects, the money to be repaid to the United States from the revenue derived from the sale of power, except the cost of the so-called all-American irrigation canal which is to be charged to the reclamation fund and repaid as other reclamation expenditures. There is a further provision that $25,000,000 of the $165,000,000 is to be regarded as an expenditure for flood control purposes and is not to be repaid until the other amortization charges have been met, and until Nevada and Arizona have received 18¾ percent each of any excess revenues. The amortization period is fixed at fifty years, after which Congress will be called upon to settle the eventual ownership of the property and the disposition of the revenue.

The allocation of a percentage of the anticipated revenue to Nevada and Arizona was one of the compromises which made the passage of the bill possible and which induced the Nevada senators to support it. This compromise was regarded as a recognition of the contention that, if the power site were developed by private capital, the state wherein it is located would derive revenue by taking it, and that if the development is by the federal government, which cannot be taxed, the state should receive compensation for this potential loss.

The question of an equitable division of the waters was, however, the one which was responsible for most of the controversy. At an early stage of the proceedings it was agreed that the so-called upper basin states, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and New Mexico, should be given 7,500,000 acre-feet per year, and a similar amount was allocated to the lower basin states of California, Arizona and Nevada. Nevada was easily satisfied; she declared that a reservation of 300,000 acre-feet per year would answer her purposes, but California and Arizona could not get together. California demanded 4,600,000 acre-feet and Arizona was equally insistent upon obtaining 3,000,000 acre-feet per year. Finally the Senate adopted an amendment to give California 4,400,000 and Arizona 2,800,000, and thus the law stands.

It is by no means certain that the long controversy is over. The time has passed when the Senate will have to resort to all-night sessions in an effort to break filibusters against the bill. This was tried on two occasions, once in the present Congress and once in the preceding Congress. On the former occasion extreme measures were adopted in an attempt to maintain a quorum necessary to transact business; the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate was called upon to rout absent members from their beds and bring them to the Senate Chamber. But both filibusters were successful: it was demonstrated that three or four senators could talk longer than a majority of their colleagues could be induced or forced to stay and listen. During the present session, the Arizona senators did not make any serious attempt to filibuster against the bill. They made long speeches against it but, after some concessions had been made in the form of amendments, they contented themselves with voting against the measure rather than trying to talk it to death, which was the only way in which they could have hoped to prevent its passage. Several times during the controversy, however, there have been intimations that Arizona will have resort to the courts when an attempt is made to carry out the provisions of the law. On one occasion Senator Ashurst of that state actually made the announcement that if the bill were enacted

> it will mean that the government will be paying $125,000,000 [the amount then contemplated by the bill] for the greatest law suit in the history of the country.

If the case does go to court it will raise a question of far-reaching importance. The right of the federal government to engage in such projects is based upon the power given it in the constitution to regulate interstate commerce. Navigable streams are arteries of interstate commerce, hence the federal government has, from the beginning, regulated navigation. Navigation on the Colorado River is confined to rowboats and Indian canoes, but that is not the meat of the objection which may be raised against the Boulder Dam project. The point is, does the right to control navigation go so far as to authorize the construction of flood control dams, of power plants, of irrigation canals, and, in particular, does it authorize the central government to deprive the individual states of valuable sources of taxation through government development of power sites?

Arizona is not the only state which claims that the power of the federal government does not go that far. Representatives of all of the Colorado River

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basin states met at Denver more than a year ago and, with the exception of California—which did not vote one way or the other—agreed to a resolution proposed by Senator Pittman of Nevada in which the following very significant declaration was embodied:

> It is the sense of this conference that the exercise by the United States government of the delegated constitutional authority to control navigation for the regulation of interstate and foreign commerce does not confer upon such government the use of waters for any other purposes which are not plainly adapted to that end and does not divest the states of their sovereignty over such waters for any other public purpose that will not interfere with navigation.

Further on in the same resolution it was asserted:

> The states have a legal right to demand and receive compensation for the use of their lands and waters except from the United States for use of such lands and waters to regulate interstate and foreign commerce.

Of course, the Supreme Court has the last word on such questions, which makes it possible that Boulder Dam will come back to Washington. But the issue will never be the same again. Courts, at least the higher federal courts, are seldom amusing, however instructive they may be. The roistering, swashbuckling controversy which has provided divertisement for the capital for two decades is gone. Washington will miss Boulder Dam.

LISTENING IN HYDE PARK

By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

THEY have vespers about three o'clock in the afternoon at Westminster Cathedral in London, and compline is at seven o'clock in the evening. If you cut out tea, you get about three hours' uninterrupted education on the outskirts of Hyde Park.

Little crowds and bigger crowds cluster round innumerable rickety stands—"tubs" they call them. Varied colored standards and banners catch your eye. You would do well to take each such crowd in turn, appraising it and the usually excited, hoarse-voiced speaker—whose occasionally clipped vocabulary is amply balanced by his gesture-supply. A summary of such a Sunday afternoon excursion is far more interesting than a whole batch of illustrated papers. London talks, argues, protests, interrupts, is seen now angry, almost childishly angry, now surprisingly, cynically amused. Everything is discussed and nothing is considered. The latest patent medicine has its tireless exponent, and next to him a man will shriek (over the heads of his listeners) some crying wrong which would be put right if people would but decide to mention it to the Home Secretary.

"Our prison system is all wrong. Come—buck up—you've got to do something." The statuesque, and withal human, faces of observing policemen would repay study. Order is usually kept, even in the midst of such utter chaos of rhetoric, and even protesting gestures do not, as a rule, reach the forbidden limit. This is but another phase of Sunday recreation—taken seriously. Most things are so taken in London. Even laughter.

Impressions are more or less kaleidoscopic at first, but an ounce of patience will sort them out. The exercise is well worth while.

Broadly speaking the "tubs" may be divided into three categories: politics; life's material needs, such as cures, clothes and food; and religion. The latter reigns paramount. You may be given a glimpse of a totally new belief, or, if you so wish, stand for a few moments near to the thinning out crowd round a church army enthusiast. Even the least musical ears revolt at the tuneless deafening pell-mell of hymns, which goes on something like this:

"Just as I am without one plea—But that Thy Blood was shed for me"—"Right, friends, now." "When I survey the wondrous Cross—On which the Prince"—"Stand up, stand up for Jesus," and the rest is drowned in a vociferous chorus—"There is, there is cleansing in the Precious Blood. I am glad that there is cleansing. There is cleansing in His Precious Blood. I have proved that there is cleansing."

The next line is not carried to the end, as the red-faced, gesticulating, fiery-eyed conductor realizes that his fragmented choruses are shouted merely at two disinterested policemen. The crowd has moved on.

And you move on with the crowd. There is no standing still in Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon. Things are liquid—charged with the electric potency of thoughts quite sincerely enthusiastic. "I have got something to shout at you—whether you will listen or not."

So you move on. Under the red and golden banner of the Salvation Army, chanting proceeds on somewhat less hysterical lines, and you catch the stereotyped opening of a sermon. The white curly head of a veteran Salvation Army captain compels you to listen for just a second. Somehow you begin to wish his really convincing and sincere utterances could be poured into a different mold. His individuality would certainly gain from the change.

"Now we in the Army believe that this—" a shabbily bound Bible rends the hot air in a really magnificent gesture—"that this is God's own word. Yes—from start to finish. Right from the first word of Genesis down to the last verse of the Revelation."

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Interruptions are de rigueur.

"Even all those bloodthirsty details in—"

"They are symbolic, my good friend"—the captain's civility is a sharp two-edged knife—"And they interpret our fight with the evil one."

"D'ye believe 'e's got a tail?"

The irrelevancy sends unsubdued giggles through the crowd and you leave the unbaffled captain to deal as best he can with the satanic attributes.

Further on, a bright blue banner rivets your attention—a bright blue banner with a grotesque golden ball daubed in the middle and the arrogant words "Sun—is—God—Follow Solathropy" scrawled across by the hand of a novice. Involuntarily you stop. The crowd is big, intent, absorbed. You notice an extra couple of policemen and you become aware of the speaker.

A Norfolk jacket and a clanless plaid crudely swathing his bare legs. An obviously tanned face and eyes which glow—flickering and angry like a couple of glowworms. He is not merely hysterical. He is all one big electric wire and the calmness of his strident, high-pitched voice is so pitifully forced that it gives you a pain to hear him speak.

"Brothers—you must come to realize it. It's stupendous—unbelievable, but I've proved it—I believe in it. So must you—if you want to have life in you.... The sun is God. The sun is God's Holy Spirit—it is everywhere—"

"What's the matter with England where the Holy Spirit comes down three days in the year—eh?"

The brown face reddens angrily.

"I am here to answer intelligent questions—not to talk rot. Brothers—can't you see there's no life without sun, and God alone can give life?"

"You wait a bit. Why aren't we dead when we get so little of it—eh? Just answer this."

The fiery eyes of the Solanthrophist grow sombre with weariness.

"Well—you ought to have been dead long ago if you think so little of God. Cut this out, brother! Let me go on. We couldn't laugh or think or live at all without the sun shining on us."

The clouds, long since gathered overhead, discharge in an ironical drizzle. The crowd breaks into the merriest laughter.

"Hey—how can you go on thinking now it's raining?"

"Kick the bucket and have done with it."

The sun exponent buttons up his shabby Norfolk jacket. His eyes fire undaunted reproaches at the audience. He throws flames into his last attempt to win them.

"There is no death, brothers. We just return to the sun."

"All one for you! Hope you'll get a mighty hot corner there," shouts someone from the crowd now rapidly thinning away. The grey drizzle washes away the pathetic gilt lettering on the blue banner. Its owner shudders in his inadequate clothes and a sense of pity drives you farther away from his deserted pitch.

There is a shrill advocate of a divine cancer cure in a corner under a huge plane tree, and someone trying to ameliorate the sorry plight of ex-convicts, and a woman in a black Victorian bonnet and a dark green cloak, earnestly and ungrammatically stressing the advantages of Christadelphian tenets. And you halt for a brief moment, trying to realize why God did choose the Jews as it is realized by a pathetic little shriveled octogenarian, all beard and cape and no legs, who, in spite of his uttered absurdities, looks a genuine and lovable patriarch.

So you stroll on—listening sometimes, interrupting occasionally, until a weather-worn, brown crucifix stops you.

A weather-worn, brown crucifix! And a crowd round it. Quite honestly you are driven to admit that the crowd is here far bigger than elsewhere! A little fellow is screaming out the many excellencies of the Protestant Alliance just to the left—and to the right a tall anaemic youth founders in a sea of hazy English and still hazier ideas on free-thinking. But before you hangs a weather-worn crucifix artlessly hoisted on a green painted pole and Hyde Park ceases to irritate.

The crowd is dynamic. So it would be anywhere else in Hyde Park and just as idiotic questions are hurled at the speaker.

You hear laughter—spasmodic and sudden. Some questioners are a trifle hysterical and casual observation might lead you to accept the crowd like any other crowd—except that it is bigger. The difference, when you come to see it, does not hide in that weather-worn crucifix. Nor in the ability, earnestness and unfailing patient courtesy of the speakers who, one by one, climb the rickety perch. After all, the Salvation Army people can be, and sometimes are, just as able, earnest, patient and civil, and even the fiery exponent of solar deism had a considerable flow of telling and gripping language at his command.

The difference here, as viewed by an utter outsider who would not as much as dream of baring his head before the weather-worn crucifix, comes out in the attitude not of the entire crowd, but just a handful of men and women, who ask such obviously rudimentary questions, get their answers and fall back, considering, comparing and, just as obviously, wanting to hear more.

Laughter and banter continue, and shamefully pointless heckling hangs in the air. Sometimes unveiled brutal insults are shot like arrows, and the crowd is keyed up to an expectant mood.

"Let him lose his temper and we'll have a jolly go at him!" They even gloat over the slip of a speaker if so be they can recognize the slip as such. Admittedly they do not get as much fun here as they do near other "tubs." The weather-worn crucifix has

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established a tacit discipline and questions are appreciated only when a lecture really is finished, so they wait.

Hyde Park—heaving with life, with thoughts, pent-up emotions, dimly felt hunger and thirst for knowledge! Hyde Park—crowded with careless, reckless, serious, bantering, earnest and mocking, thinking and empty-headed men and women, pagans and Christians and Jews and Gentiles—standing and strolling about, considering the brown crucifix with slightly wondering eyes, listening, appraising, judging, criticizing, drifting away and coming back to listen again because a body of earnest English Catholics have welded themselves into a unit of dynamic usefulness and never tire of dinning God's truths into the ears of Sunday crowds in Hyde Park.

These crowds were not born yesterday. Theirs is a history trailing back some four centuries. Leave Hyde Park and pass by the Marble Arch and make straight for the noisy trafficking Edgware Road. Keep one eye on the traffic and another on the pavement—if you can. This feat gets its own reward. A small triangle is wedged into the pavement stones on the very spot where Edgware Road touches Oxford Street. A triangle which ought to have been a cross! So, thinking of the Gallows Tree of Tyburn, you pick your way back to the Park. You see the parallel and you are amazed at the tradition thus continued, for the triangle and the weather-worn crucifix are really one—different insofar as modern circumstances have made them different from each other. Emancipation—taken legally—is well-nigh a century old and martyrdom has, for England, ceased to be interpreted in its literal crimson terms; but witnessing, bold and patient and unfailingly courteous, continues in Hyde Park under the weather-worn crucifix just as it went on when the crowd at Tyburn was really a blood-drunken mob.

Salvation Army, Christadelphians, Protestant Alliance and the crazy exponents of novel religious "isms"! Let them shout into the usually grey skies of London and let them shout their fill. Whosoever has eyes to see and a mind fit to harbor dreams will trace a splendid parallel of a traditional faith and traditioned truths, between the small—sometimes unreachable because of the traffic—triangle at the corner of Edgware Road and the humble, weather-worn, brown crucifix.

The parallel reconciles one to the rhetoric chaos in Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon.

THE RISING SHADOW

By EDWARD F. MURPHY

AS IN a certain sombre scene in Porgy, the shadow of the Negro kept rising to significant heights in the recent democratic death-watch of a presidential campaign. Afro-America is no longer a regular political minor, and from now on we may expect to see more and more of its real influence in national concerns. There is power in dark numbers, to which education is awakening the race; there may be menace in that power, unless we finally awaken ourselves to its existence and its possibilities.

It was the importance of the black vote that made social problems, hanging on the color-line like tattered, ill-washed linen, flap anew in a breeze of discussion. Usually the colored race is visualized as hurling itself against white exclusiveness. This picture was reversed in the various moronic campaign stories which were circulated; and it would be rather fair to make the change a fixture. No serious refutation of these spectacular legends, which involved both major candidates, was needed, of course; but the image of white stalking black, if taken as expressive of the larger relation of the races, supplied a real necessity in public viewpoint.

It is high time not to blink the truth that Afro-America has obtruded herself far less on us than we have on her. First of all, she did not seek these shores: white cupidity spirited her away and set her to work. The gentle dark bosom has pillowed the southern baby's head for three centuries; dark fingers have kept the great cottonfields abloom and attended largely to the well-being of the Dixie home; the dark shoulder has been pressed and kept to the wheel of national prosperity. Never in modern times has one race been so consistently exploited by another. And our debt to the Negro, as large as this exploitation, has been paid, it must be confessed, mostly in Confederate money.

Acknowledged as free, he is still shackled by the ideas that we delude ourselves into forming around him. Theoretically, we have let him rise from the status of mere service to that of brotherhood; but practically, we still suppress him and interpret his every attempt to be free not only in name but also in fact, as a dissatisfaction with his color and a desire to be white. We are at ease only when he "stays where he belongs." But have we let him do so? And where does he belong?

Animalism has had its highly suggestive triumphs over social separation. A long, long chain of mulattoes, quivering with discontent and the tragedy of belonging to both races without being quite acceptable to either, indicates that makers of the color-line have not at all times allowed it, in its best moral sense, to exist.

Now no one may charge that it was Ethiopia, weak and enslaved, who originally mingled her blood-stream

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with ours. The superior race, in part, wilfully debased itself in reference to this people. Though social integrity has always been an ideal and dogma in the South, wolves aplenty have attacked it from the start, and the land is strewn with evidences of the violation. True, the mind of a people is reflected not in the excesses of a few but in the instincts, the laws, the institutions and the habits of the many: still, the sorry truth in the relation of white to colored as regards miscegenation is that the many were fewer than they should have been, and that the few were all too many.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, whose pen flames no less than his facts, writes:

> The red stain of bastardy, which two centuries of systematic defilement of Negro women had stamped upon the race, meant not only the loss of ancient African chastity, but also the hereditary weight of a mass of corruption from white adulterers threatening almost the obliteration of the Negro home.

Thus, while politically, we have raised the Negro, ethically, we have more than a little stooped to him. By our own provision, therefore, his place seems to be not so much beneath us as beside us. If we intended him to remain under our feet, Lincoln's hand did a very false thing in signing the Emancipation Proclamation. But no matter what we intended, our bond with him is now signed by sociological fact in our own blood. He is at our side.

The situation need not be so ominous as it sounds. The best can and must be made of it. Side by side, the races really have a better opportunity to adjust themselves satisfactorily, than if one stood, as of old, on the shoulders or the chest of the other. There now can and must be a degree of mutuality helpful to both. Today the Negro in the United States needs the white man only a little less than the white man needs the Negro; and how much the whites require the colored is evident from the cry of alarm that comes from the South every time the migration of this humble folk to the North assumes undue proportions. But dealings beyond expediency are still too many, and the effects too unhappy.

Publicity might help to remedy the interracial abuses, only that it appears to be reserved not for the innumerable white offenses against the blacks so much as for the colored few against the whites. Neither space in newspapers, nor time in speeches, is lacking for the featuring of a Negro's vaulting into white preserves; while the continual exercise of white energy against Negro solidarity is usually passed over in silence.

For the creation and preservation of a better spirit between the races, it is essential, first, that the whites disabuse themselves of the notion that Negroes are nobodies. Those who constitutionally enjoy the ballot equally with ourselves cannot be mere underlings; those who are related to us by adoption, service, humanity and justice are far from being nonentities. Secondly, more restraint might easily be practised by the whites and, beyond the necessary industrial and humanitarian approaches, the Negroes might be left more to themselves. Such forays on Negro life as, for example, white parties nightly make in New York could be canceled with certainly as much happiness to self-respecting colored folk as profit to everybody else.

Thirdly, more earnest effort must be made to break down the bridge of lust which has long swung between the races and over which far more white offenders than black keep passing. To be sure, interracial unions are generally beyond the legal pale; but racial integrity has hardly been assured by that. On the contrary, colored womanhood has been dismally open to outrage. Its civil helplessness is an invitation to the worst of white instincts. This state of affairs cries for remedy.

Fourthly, education of our colored brethren must be advanced more spiritedly than ever, and in environments that do not subject them to adverse feeling and opinion. Race consciousness without a corresponding self-respect would inevitably become morbid and dangerous.

Doctor Fussel of Hampton Institute declares, on this general subject:

> I wish our friends of the South could learn the lesson we have learned here, which is that when the Negro is really cultivated and taught self-respect he prefers to keep to himself, to associate with other cultivated Negroes, and does not bother the white people at all.

And Edgar Gardner Murphy records that social segregation is quite accepted by blacks as well as whites, as "the elementary working hypothesis of civilization in our southern states."

The strong indication is that, while the poorer class of Negroes does not dare to encroach on the white race, the better element does not care to do so. If this is so, let it be repeated that the stigma of intermingling must be mostly on white people themselves. At present the color-line is a skip-rope affair, with the whites doing most of the skipping and the colored taking the blame.

The division of races is either necessary or superfluous, prudent or absurd, to the best interest of both parties or to the good of neither. If the first set of alternatives holds, it is even more incumbent on the whites to behave themselves than on Negroes, inasmuch as they have offended social purity the more. As theirs has been the greater enlightenment and responsibility, theirs is likewise the greater guilt.

The second alternatives seem disproved by the ready evidence that races markedly unlike incline to keep apart. Jerome Dowd writes:

> Physical difference together with pride of tradition, tends more or less to separate races, and the degree of separateness depends upon the degree of difference.

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But here there is question of a natural color-line which, as a rule, accords with the wishes of both races. (For example, in New York with its 259,000 colored people, where interracial unions are legal, they are too rare to be mentioned.) However, an artificial civil color-line, electric with insolent suggestion, keeps hate vibrating on both sides. To Negroes, it is a reminder of what they cannot forget—their race limitation in America; it has all the needless cruelty and cruel needlessness of the flaunting of a painful and obvious truth. To the whites, it is a dangerously flattering symbol, ever expressing their superiority and inviting contempt for even the human rights of inferiors: a contempt which, where the viciously inclined are concerned, leads to the very excesses that render a civil color-line at once imperative and impossible.

And yet, true friends of the race would not be false in pointing out to the Negro that even the artificial color-line, however sketchy its excuses, has its compensations. It gives a concrete expression to the exclusiveness which a dusky people feel no less than a light. Even if there were no color-line, paradoxically there would still be one. If the whites did not make it, the colored themselves likely would. That the whites drew it against them and that it looks like hypocrisy and spite is what angers our colored population; and that Negroes draw color-lines within their own race reveals how naturally and inevitably the thing is done.

The concord between the races would be much better, if Afro-America could come to realize that the social segregation of white and black in the United States is less premeditated than automatic. However much it may appear that the separation is the result of white hate, the educated Negro can arrive at the conclusion that this is not necessarily so and is but superficially correct. Races separate themselves, and color-lines are but the external expression of the underlying truth. Social courtesy, as well as common prudence, requires that such expression be either avoided as superfluous or reduced to a minimum as perilous. But America has never been famous for her repressions, and thereby hangs the long tale of racial grievance.

The fairest, kindliest sentiments in our land cannot erase the difference between black and white, or ignore it without stultification. Still, it is quite possible to make the withholding of an offensive emphasis upon or use of this difference one of our fixed national purposes.

The churches, to which we may look for the best attitude in dealing with Afro-America, are as yet committed to no policy but seem to favor in Negro evangelization the ideal of parallel culture. Rather than have the colored man occupy a lower place in a white congregation, the ecclesiastical power prefers to have him first in his own. Most of the Catholic missions in the South are on the separation plan, and the result thus far has been fairly satisfactory. Devoted missionaries study the special needs of this awakening people and minister to them accordingly; therefore much more consideration is often given the lowly assemblage than a white flock receives, for the simple reason that more is needed. Without the least sacrifice of social dignity, the white priest lives side by side with his colored charges, helping them to raise themselves. He does not manhandle their characteristics, nor try to mold them in the Caucasian image. His purpose is to have them develop and improve themselves according to their racial favors. His approach may well be studied by all those who are interested in Negro welfare and in promoting the harmony of the races.

The bi-racial arrangement, according to Edward B. Reuter, makes the colored independent in many of the affairs of life and hence both creates a need and supplies a place for educated men among them. It gives the race a chance and stimulus to develop vertically instead of horizontally. For here there is no superior class above the Negro to crush him down; but there is one alongside him from which, cleverest of imitators as he naturally is, he can learn much. (A truth which, alas, works for woe as well as weal. Much of the Negro's vice is the reflection of his light brother's sinning.)

In Harlem, New York, where Negroes have been most free to work out their civilization along parallel lines, they have done their noblest: making a little world of their own, complete in every detail, with a richness of life that does not stop in the senses but moves well up into the intellectual and spiritual. Here the mulatto, the link between the races and the great problem within the Negro problem, is better able to achieve the heights to which his talents recommend him. Here the race question is at least half solved by a natural, unstressed separatism which grants social dues to the Negro, leaves him to his own resources largely, affords him freedom to express himself and breathes of silent interest and toleration on the part of the whites.

More of the parallel, and less of the inferior-superior idea, is perhaps the best prescription for racial and social adjustment in our country. Self-respect, as Booker T. Washington declared, will bring the Negro many rights now denied him; and self-respect grows from self-independence. In proportion to the evolution of Afro-America, the difference that explains division will be less; and to that degree the races will approach each other. Physical variation there always will be; and to that extent the races very probably will remain, normally, apart. The ideal is to bring them as close together as possible by mutual sympathy and understanding, to safeguard racial integrity and to substitute for the will-o'-the-wisp of social equality the practical purposes of social justice. Such an aim, however poorly attained, would surely do much toward taking menace from the rising shadow of the Negro in national affairs.

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THE SHEPHERD OF THE GALLEY SLAVES

By JULES-BOIS

FOR some time now, our epoch has betrayed a tendency to depreciate Christian charity. It was claimed that doles were a humiliation for the receiver and a gesture of pride on the part of the giver. Words were invented, as unclerical as possible, and lacking, moreover, in grace, such as "solidarity," "humanitarianism." Philanthropy, as a scientific appellation, has been glorified. The term matters little, provided the thing is there. But the word "charity" is wonderful in this, that it says accurately that true beneficence finds its source less in cold reason or in a utilitarian doctrine, like that of Bentham, than in the warmth of a glowing and stirred heart. That is why this bringing of Saint Vincent into fashion again is to be praised. He was good, with a boundless prodigality coming, not from material wealth, for he did not possess it, but from the immaterial on which he drew without stint; such a richness, flowing from the kingdom of God, gives all the rest in addition.

A host of writers, M. Henri Lavedan at the head, have recently taken up this miraculous seventeenth-century figure, and brought it to new light. Through this literary revival, the universal prestige of this genius of charity could only gain. "Monsieur Vincent" had this characteristic common to all saints—humility pushed to the point of complete self-effacement. The historian Lenôtre reports how the best document of Saint Vincent's youth reached us in a letter written entirely with his own hand. It was discovered by a rummager among old papers, M. Saint-Martin. Having learned the existence of this manuscript, the saint, then an octogenarian, did his best to get possession of it. Fortunately, the prudent cleric, his secretary, at the moment of sealing the letter which his superior had just dictated, slipped into it a little note of his own: "Never," it said to M. Saint-Martin, "send this precious document if you do not wish it to be hopelessly lost." That is how we happen to possess this story, as edifying as it is authentic, according to which the great French saint, a captive in Berber lands, began his career with the astonishing exploit of bringing back to France—conquered and subdued—the renegade who held him in slavery.

All the details of this adventure are found in M. Henri Lavedan's book, Monsieur Vincent, Aumônier des Galères, and also in La Vraie Vie de Vincent de Paul, by Antoine Rédier. Vincent, recently ordained a priest, was going by sea from Marseilles to Narbonne, when the transport which bore him was captured by a brigantine sailing toward Barbary. Wounded by an arrow, loaded with chains, the young abbé was sold as a slave at a fair in Tunis. He fell first into the hands of an old sorcerer who labored in the search for the philosopher's stone. The duty of the captive consisted in keeping up the fire of twelve furnaces, on which the magician prepared his strange compounds. The alchemist having been summoned by the Grand Turk, curious of magic, Vincent was resold to a farmer living far away in the mountains, almost in the desert. Surely all hope seemed lost . . . But God was watching. His new master, born at Nice, had embraced Mahommedanism, and according to the law of the Koran, was living with three wives, one a Turk. It was the latter whom Providence used to repatriate Vincent. The Turkish woman heard the young French priest singing, with tears, the psalm By the Rivers of Babylon; she inquired about his religion, shamed her husband for having denied it, and induced him to return to his native land. Ten months later, they all disembarked at Aygues-Mortes. The renegade abjured his error before the vice-legate of Avignon, who, setting out for Rome, took with him the new convert and the Abbé Vincent.

Who was, then, this strange enchanter of men? A little shepherd by birth. Nature had driven him to God. His brown béret pulled well down, his brightly striped woolen mantle around his shoulders, and about his waist the canvas wallet from which dangled his flute and three pieces of copper, together with the cheese and bit of dry bread constituting his midday meal, he carved on the moor a little wooden cross by himself while whistling some air.

Instead of the crook, the boy carried a great forked branch on which he leaned while walking with short steps. Indeed, the sheep never move very fast, and they must be allowed time to crop at their ease the rosy heather and the dew-drenched moss. It is he, the boy, who, gently, by voice and the gesture of the rod and by the thought which the sheep divine, guides them, because he loves them and lives in them. They have been entrusted to him; he must bring them back safe to the fold.

A shepherd, just a little shepherd! But Geneviève, the patron of Paris, and Joan of Arc, the saviour of France, were also at first shepherdesses. Is it not at once touching and exalting to see at the origin of the greatest vocation imaginable, this humble profession of shepherd? To it Our Lord alluded, when He addressed Himself to Peter, and entrusted to him His Church. We often find it again in the early life of the saints, as the symbol of their future duty. This function, so small, so commonplace, prepares for the most beautiful calling, which consists in leading other men into celestial pastures and to the water-spring of eternal life.

His mysterious mission required him to acquaint himself with those whose providence he was to become. What dangerous nocturnal wanderings in Paris

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among the thugs, bully swordsmen and spadassins! Sometimes, in the course of the night, taking him for a belated bourgeois, they pounced upon him as their prey. But one of them has already recognized him. "Be off!" he cries, "it is Monsieur Vincent!" Respect puts an instant end to the aggression. Confused and saddened, Vincent in gratitude could find only a single word to say: "O my friends! My friends!"

From the social abyss Vincent was borne to the summit. Leaving the leper hospital of Saint-Lazare, the good abbé was often called to the Faubourg Saint-Germain. His hallowed destiny brought him into the homes of the powerful of the earth who should become collaborators in his great work of redemption. To heal incurables, to revive the extinguished fire of virtue in the hearts of those whom vice has rendered abject, ah! there is there something far more difficult than the toil of the alchemist trying to turn mud into gold. Vincent is the friend of great lords, such as the Comte de Rougemont, quareler and débauché, whom he makes into a monk, pure and pacific. He is the almoner of Queen Margot. The Pope sends him on a secret mission from Rome to Henry IV. He confesses a princess of Gondy. Anne of Austria makes an intimate of him; he is the tutor of the future Cardinal de Retz. But it is for his friends the poor that he frequents the rich and the fortunate.

Not only did Vincent descend into prison hells but he condescended to take a convict's place on the galley benches. He abased himself, no doubt, in order better to understand the criminal and the wretched. Indeed, he liked to demean himself especially for the good he could do. To this end he applied those Gascon wits which his compatriots often employ to ridicule their fellows. Listen to the soliloquy which Lavedan puts into our saint's mouth when in the galley he manipulates with his four comrades the fifty-foot oar:

> "There!" thinks the kindly soul, while making his "three movements." "There! having borne the chains in Tunis, I thought I was through with them here. I reasoned badly. God has brought these old fetters back to me. Having once been a slave, He wishes me now to be a convict, doubtless so that I may learn, as almoner of the galleys, what it is to be a galley slave. This oar is my cross which He has given me to bear. Blessings on it! Row!" And the galley glides on. "Abreva!" The oriflammes dance. In the officers' tents the fife laughs to the drum. Vincent, tortured by the bracelets on his ankles, and with dirty red cap on his head, presents his bared neck to the diversion of the slave-guards, who could cut it with one of those terrible lashes distributed at random. He receives them when they come, saying "Amen" without betraying himself.

The result of such self-immolation now again is felt. Even for the ignorant, the prejudiced sectarian, the bigot, the "anti-clerical," there is a thrill of emotion, when he sees these women belonging to the order founded by Saint Vincent, who immolate their youth and renounce the joys of this world to care for crotchety old men, bring up abandoned or vicious youngsters, give themselves over to the most repugnant tasks, obscurely and without reward. The Sisters of Charity are the mystic daughters of the shepherd who was a captive and would be a galley slave. Here again, M. Lavedan is to be quoted for his fine paragraph on the cornet, the picturesque headdress of the Sisters of Charity.

> Heroic, the "cornet," has been and always will be mingled with history; its upheavals, its apotheoses. War, epidemic, revolution, when all others think only of fleeing, hiding and huddling in the cellar, it comes forth, shows itself, becomes the bird perched on the litter, the dove of the ark, of the trench and of the barricade. It hangs white curtains before the dying agony of the outcast and the soldier, secures them an alcove. At its fanning the mangled aviator breathes his last. One meets it, one sees it floating in the railroad station, at the windows of the third-class coaches, and in the sea ports, on the deck of the great steamers departing for China or the black countries. And when our mother superior requires it to remain in the city, it is to enliven the school, the workshop and the hospital, to be the flower of the nurseries, the "hennin" of the chapels or to play at "pigeon-hole" with a troop of orphans.

Nothing is more striking than the variety in the character of the saints, who nevertheless reveal profound resemblances. By grace and will, all go to God, and return to be His messengers on earth. Yet the road they follow is different; and the message is, so to say, colored by their temperament and genius. At the side of the contemplative and ecstatic, who transmit to us unheard-of heavenly visions, there are the "actives" consoling the simple and bringing back the wanderers. In our day, when questions of social reform are so much to the fore, the example of a Vincent De Paul teaches us a lesson of which we never had more need.

If one only knows how to discover Him, God is everywhere. He resides as well in the empyrean heights of ecstasy of a Teresa of Avila as in the humble love which visits the lepers, the abandoned aged, the galley slaves, the scoundrels and the infidels. Vincent demonstrates that there is no task beneath the Christian when he is inspired by charity. One finds God when bending ardently over the miseries of one's neighbors, as love for God, derived from its source, draws us on to disinterested devotion in soothing human distress.

Another lesson which the good almoner of the galleys inculcates by his very appearance is that our conception of beauty is still too pagan, that there is another beauty higher still, which the material eye does not discover. Saint Vincent de Paul was ugly. His contemporaries bear witness to that. Was it an additional humility? Only mediocre painters have reproduced his features. He had an enormous nose, long ears and a commonplace face. This, too, made him one with the disinherited of the earth. But his was

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an infinite soul-seduction. We see that he was sought by the great who, nevertheless, are sensitive to physical advantages. This plebeian radiated the aristocracy of heaven. We artists, passionate of beauty too external, let us kneel before this ugliness, more noble than the haughty dreams of the esthete. Let us pray to Saint Vincent, something after this fashion:

"You come for us, too, O great saint, you teach us more about true beauty than Antinous and Apollo Belvedere. . . . These masterpieces of antiquity were but the fallacious masks for the vice of the Caesars and the perversity of the sophists. You came for those whom the world rejects and heaven chooses. From you we learn that Christianity is truly for all. It adapts itself equally to physical ugliness and to physical beauty, to wealth and poverty, to health and sickness, to what attracts the admiration or the disgust of the profane, to the highest intellectuality and the lowliest simplicity. Christianity has upset all the values of the past. Thanks to it, we see that what pleases the sophisticated is most often illusory and deceptive. Your beauty, O adorable saint, was that inner beauty which makes the angels to rejoice. Permit us, at your feet, humbly to gather a few beams of its radiance."

Letter Before Departure

Save if to smile
my lady shall delight
and sight my journey truly to a new
and golden land of cities tall as light
all fixed and focused boldly in mine eye
by smiles like trumpeting and horns
to scale the dazzled morning with a nave
of high fern-fronded arches
trellised all and musical
with arabesques of smooth
slow gold of Viol de Gamba and of flute—
my journey
were to end in wilderness where wild
and angry and the dark embittered winds
grind all bright cities to a dust
and brighter
cities than an eye has seen
lie spilled in rubbish by the eyes
that sought them.

Save if to smile
my lady shall delight—and smiling
shall make bold my lonely eye
with skilfully tended columns grown in rows
all garlanded and golden of her eyes
and of her smile as splendidly aspiring of a place
all taller goldener more rarely glittering
in air than any city—
then my journey find its end
in windy wilderness—
mine eye
spill sights and seasons out to dry
in stony rubbish and in sand.

R. Ellsworth Larsson.

SMOKY LANTERNS

By LEO L. WARD

I SUPPOSE we shall never know just who said it first. Polonius, perhaps, or Edgar Guest—or Benjamin Franklin. We shall never know. But of this we can be sure: It had very respectable parents.

It is the kingpost of the modern man's civilization, the first article of his creed, the wall around his city of light, the head of the corner in his temple of education; it is the one bright road that led him out of a primitive past and, now a new one-way boulevard, runs on into the splendid future; it is the handmaid of evolution; the breast that shall suckle greatness; the dawn of a new day, the faith that quickens, the light that shineth in darkness, the hope of the world.

But for myself, it is only a smoky lantern. A smoky, noisome lantern, and I will have none of it, for the good reason that it does not give enough light to keep me from bumping my shins along this very dark, rutty road which all of us must travel.

I refer, of course, to the most fallacious of all popular fallacies, which is expressed in our day in many ways, but most often in these words: "Books are man's greatest friends." And I strike the table with this good fist of mine, and amid the rattle of all the dishes I tell you that books are man's greatest enemies. Books dehumanize you. They take away the freedom of the mind; for the final tyranny of all is that of print—if it is in print it is infallible, you should never dare to question it. And they dry up the heart; for, with the infinitely less noble arts of writing and reading, the art of talking has disappeared; and this because the heart can have its full say only in the rich personal poetry of the human voice.

Yes, the whole world knows, or should know by this time, that the reading of books actually can turn anyone into a worm. You have seen just such a worm, perhaps, in the reading room of a public library. His shoulders are powdered with dandruff and strewn with fallen hairs. He is bespectacled, like the rest of the modern race. His eyes are as colorless as the bleached pages of the book he is reading. His mouth is drooped at the corners with the weight of his weary spirit. His lips seem to be sealed, and they are thin and ashen as death, for he is dead, dead to the rest of men, and he will never speak to his fellows. He is even insensible to the colors of the morning that come through a grimy window over his shoulder. He is a lost soul, already living in the shades where Benjamin Franklin has gone before him, and where Edgar will soon follow to read his poems to him through the long, dreary afternoons.

It has been written by one of the most zealous of the bibliomaniacs: "Books! They are man at his best, at his very highest. Human nature, stripped of all its grossness, of all its meanness, and arrived at last at its supreme idealization." There is a potion for you. Swallow it if you dare, knowing, as you must know, that it is the very wormwood of error.

Did the man who wrote those words ever hear of Old Dave, who lived beside Arracombe Wood, and who used to go at dusk to the forest to "talk wid his shadder"? Some men—readers of books and papers they undoubtedly were—said of him that he "mun be bird-witted." But of course Old Dave wasn't bird-witted. Dave's was a free mind and a free spirit; but the slaves of print can never comprehend this kind of freedom. Never a worm, but only a man can know what it is to "talk wid his shadder." And I sometimes fear that freedom and imagination and all other human worth were buried

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when they "put Dave up in churchyard," so hurriedly, on a cold day in autumn not so very long ago.

And there was Jake, my neighbor, who loved, more than all other men, to lean over a fence and talk. I am sure Jake never opened a book in his life. But he was the best talker I have ever known. Once I remember him saying: "I ain't got any hejucation, exceptin' what I learned from the soil and from that thar sky above m' head. But you know, a feller can be full o' book learnin' and still be suthin' of a fool—thar still might be a thing or two he didn't know." Jake kept looking down at the blade of my idle scythe all the while he was slowly saying this, and I noticed a twinkle in his eyes. When he had finished speaking, he looked up at me, not questioningly, but with just a hint of indulgent, good-natured contempt parting his lips beneath a short grey beard. I forget now what I said to him, but I was very uncomfortable. I knew, and I knew that Jake knew, that there was nothing he could not do better than I, except the reading of books. Jake was soon going back up the field, swaying at his plow, while the big mud-balls kept falling into the furrow from his heels. And to this day I would give all the things I have learned in books if I could come to hold a plow like Jake. For I am sure that he learned more between the handles of his plow than I have ever learned between the covers of books.

Vermont Winter

The days of dark season drizzle down
Incessantly.
I think of hemlocks with a snowy crown
Unseen by me.

Where in this sooty, walled-in, towering town
Can I find winter?
A dazzling road deep-packed with snow overblown,
That blue shadows splinter?

Or hear the low-belled oxen pull a sleigh
Beyond some hill,
Pass by the farm with crunch and creak and gay
Halloings: "Hey, Bill—

Goin' over to 'Derry to dance next Saturday?"
To dance to the fiddles!
The Morning Star, Follow the Plow, while Jay
The organ twiddles.

"Swing your partners—ladies left. . . !" O call
That turn once more!
"Ladies change!" (the sleepy babies squall)
We shake the floor!

High shoes, woolen shirts, petticoats, grandpa's shawl
And chewing plug,
Dancing the Lancers or quadrille, and all
Of us jolly and snug.

Where, O where, is Vermont these days and where
Four feet of snow?
To be out of this dripping mock of winter, it's there
That I would go:

Not south with singing birds and humid air
And the scent of limes;
But north! To the fox's cold scream that raises your hair!
To sleigh-bell chimes. . . !

RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

A Musical Falstaff

IT GIVES me great pleasure to report that producers are continuing the habit of getting fresh with Shakespeare. This time it is the Coburns who have happily seen fit to combine the best Falstaff scenes of the two parts of Henry IV with the Merry Wives of Windsor into a single rollicking comedy interspersed with some delicious music, catching thoroughly the old English feeling.

In any attempt to modernize Shakespeare, whether by putting the characters in modern dress or by the Coburn method of reshaping material and structure, everything depends on the spirit of the undertaking. When the modern dress version of Hamlet first startled New York audiences (and incidentally failed to achieve success) one felt behind the enterprise merely a definite spirit of sensation-hunting. A certain fundamental sincerity was lacking. On the other hand, when Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis converted The Taming of the Shrew into a modern dress farce, they did it with such delightful whimsicality and so keen an understanding of the essential comedy that they gave it genuine value on its own account, and took it from the sphere of mere novelty into that of good, downright entertainment.

The Coburns have gone at the Falstaff story in the same spirit. They call the production a comedy by James Plaisted Webber, and have engaged Porter Steele to write the appropriate music, and Brian Hooker (the translator of the Walter Hampden Cyrano) to write suitable lyrics. They have added further distinction by using Richard Boleslavsky to direct, along with Henry Stillman and Ted Shawn, and Macklin Marrow's Chamber Orchestra, to give an artistic and understanding musical background. The result is a good raucous English farce in which the best episodes from Henry IV somewhat counterbalance the lecherous features which disfigure the Merry Wives of Windsor. The characteristic coarseness of the latter episodes is maintained, but fortunately does not obtrude itself to quite the same extent as in the Merry Wives.

An entirely new element is introduced through creating a gentle love affair between Prince Hal and Anne Page. This is the one serious concession to the modern musical comedy atmosphere, and I imagine there will be few critics to share the disgust of St. John Ervine, the guest critic of the New York World, at this mildly romantic gesture. In one or two places, Mr. Webber has rather spoiled his effect by injecting such complete modernisms as "I'll tell the world!" but this is certainly a minor offense when measured by his general success in creating an amusing unity from his widely scattered material.

It is important to note that, in spite of the musical score, the Coburns have maintained the essential feeling of a play—so much so, in fact, that it is quite possible to compare the Falstaff of Mr. Coburn with that of Otis Skinner. I have always maintained that Mr. Skinner's Falstaff is one of the few complete masterpieces of the modern stage, and the reason it is a masterpiece is because he always lets us see, beneath this fat old liar and rogue, a glimpse of the real man who must at some time have done something worthy to receive knighthood, something, in short, which would justify the picture of Falstaff's death in the early scenes of Henry V. Mr. Coburn's performance is much less subtle. It reaches for the obvious farce in every situation rather than for solid characterization. But

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within its own chosen limits it is a masterly performance. In fact it might bear a very favorable comparison with that of Beerbohm Tree.

The other parts are all well taken in a carefree, happy-go-lucky fashion which fits well with the informal atmosphere of the whole occasion. The Prince Hal of John D. Seymour is perhaps a trifle too casual. Mr. Seymour is best in his brief love scenes with Anne Page. Mrs. Coburn is utterly charming as Mistress Ford, and Kathryn Reece is at least utterly decorative as Anne Page. Ethel Morrison makes a spritely Mistress Quickly. (At the Coburn Theatre.)

Mima

DAVID BELASCO has staged the annual appearance of Lenore Ulric in a supremely elaborate manner by producing his own adaptation of Molnar's The Red Mill. Some idea of the nature and character of the spectacle can be gathered from the fact that the action is supposed to take place in hell, and that one of the arch-fiends has invented a machine capable of corrupting the best of human beings in the space of one hour. A moral tone is supposed to be added to the occasion by a brief scene of forgiveness and triumph over temptation at the very end, indicating that even the best machinery of hell is never perfect. But inasmuch as the great stretches of the play are taken up with a detailed picturing of how the seven deadly sins are accomplished, the last minute turn of events is pretty poor compensation for the photographic display that precedes it. In other words, to consider Mima as a morality play in any true sense of the word is utter absurdity. It is chiefly the excuse for a spectable of the kind that falls right in with the current Broadway conditions. Some of the scenes, in fact, are rather worse than you find in most modern plays.

Of course Mr. Belasco's apologia takes an entirely different view of the matter. He considers Mima "the greatest of the brain children of Ferenc Molnar," a play "differing in its essentials from that which has been the accepted vogue for the past few years . . . a play dealing with the basic rather than merely surface emotions." His production has proved to be "one of the happiest and most soul-filling tasks of my career. . . . I have been happy in the doing, and if my production brings happiness and a better understanding of life's greatest truth—the triumph of good over evil—to my friends, then I will not have labored in vain." When a producer makes a statement of this sort, it is highly unjust to go behind his words and to seek intentions which may never have been his. I can only say, however, that Mr. Belasco seems to have confused certain essentials of the stage in much the same way that Mr. Channing Pollock confused them in Mr. Moneypenny; the only difference being that Mr. Belasco goes considerably further than Mr. Pollock in depicting the details of vice and crime before arriving at the alleged moral ending.

It is only fair to record, however, that many of the scenes of vice fail entirely to come off. In fact, if it were not for the exceedingly impressive stage mechanism, a great deal of Mima would provide some of the best unconscious farce seen on Broadway in many long months. For example, when the victim from the earth is brought into the influence of the corrupting machine, a method has been devised for indicating just when he commits any one of the seven deadly sins which is highly reminiscent of a huge cash register. A gong rings, machinery whirs, and the precise nature and character of the sin is announced for the benefit of the audience and for the assembled fiends of hell. When obviousness is laid on as thickly as this, one begins to think of the Pilgrim's Progress as a masterpiece of subtlety.

As part of the great corrupting machine, its inventor has produced a group of mannikins among whom the supreme achievement is Mima, a being with every possibility for evil and with the added luxury of two hearts, one white and one red. It is the good heart which makes all the trouble for hell and is meant to symbolize, I suppose, the impossibility of creating anything which is wholly and entirely evil. The part of Mima is taken by Lenore Ulric and, needless to say, gives her every opportunity for displaying each and every facet of emotion. Miss Ulric is a very clever actress and we still hope to see her some day in a thoroughly worthwhile play. (At the Belasco Theatre.)

The Red Robe

EVERY now and then the Shuberts turn their powerful producing organization to such happy result that one feels the advantage of sound business methods in the modern theatre. In The Red Robe they have produced an exceptionally clean-cut, sparkling, romantic play with music, based on the novel of similar name by Stanley Weyman, and have given us a touch of old France not unlike, in atmosphere, The Vagabond King.

The Red Robe is one of those stories of exceeding unimportance if you are interested only in the stock market, and of very great importance if you are willing to lend yourself for a short time to the soft sway of illusion, romance and downright sentimentality. Everything possible has been done to maintain the general sense of glamour, including some admirable settings by Watson Barrett, engaging music by Jean Gilbert, gorgeous costumes designed by Barbier and others, and a thoroughly competent cast headed by Walter Woolf as the soldier of fortune, and Helen Gilliland as Renée de Cocheforet. I do not say that the entire effect thoroughly measures up to the stirring rhythms and rough gusto of The Vagabond King, but The Red Robe will provide you with a thoroughly diverting evening in the theatre and, unless you are entirely practical, with the sense that life has many other aspects besides bootlegging and marriage problems. Incidentally, there is some very nice dancing by a group of Chester Hale girls which is well worth a good part of the price of admission. (At the Schubert Theatre.)

The Houseboat on the Styx

KENNETH WEBB and John E. Hazzard have concocted this musical version of John Kendrick Bangs's satire of the same name. They have had the advantage of music and lyrics by Carlo and Sanders, and settings by the artful and capricious Willy Pogany. This is the story of that vast aggregation of famous characters of history who find themselves thrown together on the Hades shore of the River Styx. The general theme is the revolt of the famous ladies against the desire of the men to maintain a secluded retreat on a houseboat. There is plenty of material here for an amusing show and some of it is used to advantage. Unfortunately, no opportunity is lost for the usual double-meaning jokes and allusions and some parts of it are plainly raw. Besides this, the entire production is much too long, so that even the amazing personalities of Blanche Ring as Queen Elizabeth and of William Danforth as King Henry VIII cannot lift the enterprise out of frequent dulness. (At the Liberty Theatre.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

MATERIALISM BY EXPRESS

TO the Editor:—May I claim a little space in your communication department to discuss further an important and vital problem suggested in the editorial columns of your journal under the title of Materialism by Express?

The writer—a Catholic Chinese student—has been devoting himself for more than a year to delving into the situation of the Chinese students studying in America and the situation that these same students have caused when they returned to China. Space here does not permit the detailing—not even a cursory part of it—of what I have found in my researches. Suffice it to remark, however, that the more I delve into the problem the more I am struck with the fact that, while those students who have studied in foreign countries—especially America—are the most energetic and influential of leaders now modernizing mediaeval and backward China, they have done no little injury to China's spiritual civilization. They have succeeded in introducing into staid, conservative China that seemingly all-pervading culture of the present western civilization—materialism.

The term "materialism" is variously defined. To the returned students of China it is the force that doubts completely the existence of God and believes solely in the omnipotence of the human intellect. To these materialists and "new youths," religion is superstition, is out of date, and therefore cannot be expected to promote human progress.

It was this newly acquired materialistic attitude toward modern civilization, coupled with the fact that Christianity—as propagated by both Catholic and Protestant missionaries—is having the attention of the Chinese people, that acted as an incentive for the anti-Christian movement of 1922. The essence of this anti-Christian movement is summed up in a manifesto issued by the so-called "Anti-Christian Student Federation" at the beginning of the movement. It read:

"The sins of religion are too numerous to mention. Speaking of its moral side, we find that it teaches men obedience, which is the moral code of slaves. Speaking of its intellectual side, we find that it propagates superstition, which hinders the search for truth. Speaking of its material side, we find that it asks its believers to despise temporal things and to dream of the kingdom of heaven and hell, which would end in the destruction of human life. Its teachings are absolutely valueless, while its evils are incalculable. Yet its influence is growing every day. This is due to the fact that those who are doing evil have an organization, while we who are opposed to it have not."

The anti-Christian movement is distinctly a movement, and not an organization; and its participants are predominantly students who have imbibed the new culture of the West. As I have already remarked, this movement began in 1922. Some optimistic Protestant Chinese said not long ago that this anti-Christian attitude of the students has waned. In the northern part of the country, whence this movement took its beginning, this feeling has abated somewhat, but it is by no means wholly declined. In the southern part, especially in Kwangtung, this movement has only just been inaugurated. Two pamphlets recently sent to me by a student friend in Canton (he is also an anti-Christian) illustrate the form of propaganda employed by these anti-religious exponents. One pamphlet published by the Atheistic Research Society, entitled The Principle of Atheism, is a weak effort to disprove the existence of God. The other pamphlet, published by the Central Military and Government School government propaganda bureau and entitled Anti-Christianity, is a symposium of supposed facts regarding the "incalculable sins of Christianity."

Mr. Lo Pa Hong, the distinguished Catholic Chinese layman, during his visit to the United States several years ago, made the significant remark that "modern learning, with its atheistic tendencies, has swept completely across Japan. Even now the materialistic culture of Europe and America is being brought back into China by her returned university students. The whole nation is anxious for western civilization, but unless the Chinese receive Catholic civilization, they will become as materialistic as their neighbors."

To explain the situation a little more clearly, let me quote the following sentences from Dr. Y. S. Tsao, former president of Tsing Hua College in Pekin:

"The impact of the West upon the East has produced a great convulsion in China, no less overwhelming than that produced by the world war in Europe. The four hundred millions of China are paying the price of modernization and they are groaning, vociferating and experimenting with the various 'isms' propagated among them by both well-wishers and mischief-makers. China, being a conservative nation, hesitated a long time before she made up her mind to accept the inevitable tendencies of the world. Eventually, she plunged! What a splash! Her momentum carried her to a great depth! Have you, as a follower of Christ, anything very definite to offer China in this her rebirth?"

The last sentence carries a challenge.

Shortly after the publication of several articles in The Field Afar, Jesuit Missions and America regarding the deplorable lack of religious education of the Chinese students in America, I wrote an article in the latter periodical appealing to American Catholics to give this problem a thorough study and endeavor to do something for these students. But so far, to my knowledge, nothing has been done. The Maryknoll Foreign Missionary Society of America, recognizing the dire necessity of the situation, has, within the last few years, placed many Chinese students in Catholic institutions, thus making a start toward giving them what Mr. Lo Pa Hong termed our "Catholic civilization." But the society needs the help of all conscientious and thinking Catholics to solve this problem. It is a bit of fine irony that the country which is today sending the most missionaries to China should also send back to her her best sons and daughters, who came here to acquire western knowledge, rank materialists who are doing their utmost to destroy the propagation of the Faith in the land.

WILLIAM HOY.

THE SISTERS OF BRITTANY

Kew Gardens, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—A recent article in The Commonweal on the nuns of Brittany makes me wonder if your readers would not be interested in hearing of an American branch of these little Sisters of Brittany.

During the French Revolution, Angélique le Sourd, a peasant girl of Marbihan, Brittany, gathered about her a group of her friends to minister to the needs of the poor of her parish. Eventually this group was given a rule of life and established

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as a religious order with diocesan approval. The congregation thus founded is now known as the Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus of St. Jacut, France.

Because of the persecution of religious orders in France during the latter part of the nineteenth and the early part of the twentieth century, these sisters came to America at the invitation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who had established themselves in the Southwest. For a quarter of a century these humble nuns have lived a hidden life, assisting the missionary priests by doing the domestic work in the Oblate seminaries and schools. At last they are able to do the type of work for which they were founded: nursing and teaching.

In Texas they are especially interested in the welfare of the Mexicans. They are establishing schools in the Oblate missions to take care of the Mexican children that pour into our country from Mexico. Many of these children are refugees whose parents have traveled into a foreign land because they were denied the comfort of the sacraments in their own country. The life of the sisters is one of poverty and self-sacrifice. As teachers they receive from $25.00 to $30.00 per month. The parents of the pupils, too, make a sacrifice, for the sisters are obliged to ask their poor children to pay $1.00 a month tuition. One of the interesting features of this Texas foundation is the fact that the religious are accepting Mexican subjects, so that the Mexican child may be taught his religion by one of his own race who speaks his language and understands his difficulties.

What these nuns need most is lay coöperation. Where are the Catholics who are interested in the Mexican refugee? Here is an opportunity to help in a practical way. If some of the prosperous parishes of the East would adopt one of these Mexican schools, what a great bit of missionary work they would do! Anyone who is interested in aiding these little Sisters of Brittany should communicate with the Mother Provincial, Sacred Heart Convent, Route 2, Blanco Road, San Antonio, Texas.

ELAINE BARTON.

FATHER PRO'S JOURNAL

Trenton, N. J.

TO the Editor:—The following letter may have escaped the notice of some of your readers. It comes from Noticias de la Provincia de Mexico of the Society of Jesus for September 8, 1927, and is signed with the pen name of a man who suffered execution in Mexico City on November 23, 1927, the Reverend Father Michael A. Pro, S.J.:

". . . On receipt of a letter from Father Provincial I left my hiding-place and began giving retreats right and left, a most beautiful ministry but rather frightening to me, for I had never before been engaged in it. My first retreatants were ninety pious old ladies, who, with their ejaculations and sighs, their sobs and groans, aroused in me so great an impulse to laughter that I resolved to cut loose from the feminine gender and to turn to the masculine; but soon too much of the masculine fell to my lot.

"In a back yard I addressed about fifty chauffeurs, worthy men, though unprepossessing in their appearance. My dress was in keeping with the surroundings: a mechanic's clothes with my cap pulled down over my eyes. In fact, to my own great surprise, I found myself adopting even their language, in spite of my sixteen years away from the mines. God bless the chauffeurs of the world.

"On another occasion I soared somewhat higher, addressing a group of women teachers and employees of the government. There were about eighty of them, all of the progressive and outspoken type who fear not even the devil. Not a few did not hesitate to deny the existence of hell. Others insisted on defending the mortality of the soul, and gloried in an insane self-sufficiency with apparently no inclination to submit their minds to the sweet truths of our holy religion. It was hard work, every bit of it, but I was well repaid by seeing all of them going to Holy Communion and was pleased to record more than a dozen extraordinary conversions. . . .

"On Good Friday I was continually on the go: a retreat to the women teachers in the morning, the Three Hours' Service, a week-end retreat for young men, and a consolation talk in the very distant villages.

"An accident that might have ended tragically happened the first night of the retreat for the women employees of the government. I had left home at half past nine. Two individuals crossed the street and waited for me at the corner. Said I to myself: 'My son, prepare to give up the ghost.' And, following the maxim 'He who gives first gives twice,' I turned toward them and asked for a match. 'You can get one at the store,' they answered. I moved on; they followed. Whichever way I turned, they followed. 'Shades of Caesar,' thought I, 'something's up!' I got into an auto; so did they. By good fortune the chauffeur was a Catholic, and seeing me in such distress put himself at my command. 'Look here, son,' I said, 'at the corner I point out, slow down. I shall get out. You go ahead.' I put my cap in my pocket, unbuttoned my coat to let my white shirt show and got off. After a few strides I crouched under a tree in such a way as to be seen. A second later the two men passed by, almost brushing up against me with their mud-guards. They saw me but gave no indication that it mattered to them who I was. I made only a half turn when I was leaving the tree because I was beginning to feel a bump I had given myself. 'Clever, my boy, now we are ready for more,' was my pious remark as I started to limp homeward.

"No one knows where I live. At four different places I receive letters, messages, reports and gifts for my poor families, which have grown to twenty-three. I am convinced of the truth of what we read in the lives of the saints—I do not pose as one myself—since, without knowing how or whence, I receive sometimes fifty kilos of sugar, sometimes boxes of crackers, coffee, chocolate, rice, and even wine. . . .

"What of the sick and dying? If I could I would multiply myself a thousand times. On one occasion I had to attend a sick woman. She was a rank theosophist. For an hour she poured out blasphemies and cursing against the most sacred things we have: the saints, the sacraments, even the Blessed Virgin. In six days, however, she had so changed that her lips murmured only Aves and Credos. What degradation she had reached through lack of religious education!

"But when shall we have even a half-hour to talk over the thousands upon thousands of incidents of a life so active as ours? I sigh for the quiet of our (Jesuit) houses. However, here in the midst of the whirlpool I see the special help of God, the special graces He gives us amid grave dangers. His presence is felt very intimately when discouragement comes to overwhelm our souls. That cry of Saint Paul when he asked God three times to take him out of this world I understand very well. But at the same time I feel the truth of the divine responses: 'Sufficit tibi gratia mea, quia virtus in infirmitate perficitur.' . . .

"Miguel Enghien."

D. BEDE GRAY, Oblate, O.S.B.

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SONNETS

Pinions

The words work in us like a thing with bones;
The words twist little elbows under the heart:
It may well be we shall give birth to stones,
Or that our bodies shall be split apart
As the earth splits to let a flower shake
Its shoulders out; a tiny golden pin
Of a word can cut like daggers, or can ache
Like an old cross, like an old violin.

Have you the strength to whittle two straight sticks
And carry them inside your bleeding soul,
And so walk stretched upon your crucifix,
Smiling like Dante, with your breast a coal?
A word's red edge out-twinkles studded hilts;
A cross means pinions, not a pair of stilts.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

When This Fierce Conflict

When this fierce conflict I so long have waged
Shall end in death, the dreary battle done,
In peace I shall possess the prizes won,
Which are: that I shall know what life presaged—
The secret God has kept so close empaged—
Unsnarled shall be the skein so subtly spun,
And, in that Source where Beauty is begun,
The burning thirst for Beauty be assuaged.

Thus did I prate in my presumptuous youth.
Now, grown a little wise, I have great fear,
For if I find His faintest shade so fair,
So awful even the echo of His Truth,
How then endure His very voice to hear?
How then behold His Beauty lying bare?

S. C. N.

Passer-By

Though this, too, like a dream has come to naught,
Count me no poorer now than I had been
When, as a stranger at your door, unseen
I looked in at your heart's house and there caught
Such charity of soul (the like I sought
Down the world's ways, in cities, and the green
Of the far hills, and the wide seas between)
I was at once enriched; but oh, so fraught

With the old wounds of worship wherefrom you
Turned, unaware, to wander down your own
Pathway of faith, I could not, unbeknown,
Call to your heart as I was minded to.
Nor need you even now, be told how near
That heart I stood—and how that heart was dear!

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

For An Elusive Lady

There is no peace nor any surety
In this strange knowledge that I have of you;
Only a haunting insecurity,
Only the sparkle of a heady brew.
I know you as a bright, sky-drinking bird
Needing the sun to make its plumage gay,
Or as a petulant wind, unseen but heard
Like laughter down the restlessness of day.

I cannot know you as a swimmer knows
The intimate flow and follow of each wave.
I cannot carve you in intaglios.
There is no hand so fashioned to engrave
This way of windiness into a stone.
My knowledge of you leaves me still alone.

SARAH LITSEY.

Menton Cemetery

When I am come to winter—and grown old,
And when my spirit's fever is allayed,
When summer's lingering roses all are frayed
And when my vibrant memories are cold,
Then will I seek this cypress-shaded hill,
Unpassionate—above the purple sea,
Where lie the weary souls that would be free.
A refuge from the world, apart and still,

It broods upon the gaudy life below,
With melancholy, sweet, unending smile
And shelters tenderly its dead, the while
The scented south winds on the waters blow.
When I am come to winter—and grown cold,
Here will I lay my grateful, tired head,
Where, far below, the tranquil waters spread,
Where cypress trees and hill alike are old.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Franciscan Brothers

A chimney's smoke in swift confusion spins
Like wounded serpents squirming in a wreath
Of cloud. Against a brick-walled roof it thins,
Dissolving in the little airs we breathe.
There on the roof twelve darkening figures move;
Their jet-black garments offset by the lean
White pallor of their faces, in a groove
They walk, each with a testament, their keen

Eyes buried in the pages of the Word.
Each eve, with eyes upon their books, they come,
As from stone cells where silently they stirred;
The roaring streets are hushed to them, the hum
Of this dark world forgotten, while the Host
Walks on the quiet waters like a ghost.

JOHN LEE HIGGINS.

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BOOKS

Conrad the Friend

The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad, by Richard Curle. $2.50.

Conrad to a Friend, by Richard Curle. $2.50. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company.

TO M. JEAN-AUBRY'S adequate biographical exposition of Conrad in his Life and Letters, and Mr. Edward Garnett's interpretation of him through letters written to Garnett between 1895 and 1924 and concerned almost solely with his methods of literary composition, his struggles and problems of authorship, Mr. Richard Curle has now added, in The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad, his appreciative portrayal of Conrad as a friend. Marc Anthony's doleful prophecy concerning the interring of good is in no sense to be true of Mr. Curle's hero. Eulogy fires these pages which without it would be rather level, perhaps even monotonous in their precise and careful detail, their unvaried, somewhat enervated style. Obviously to their author Conrad was the beau ideal, the perfect friend. Mr. Curle's hero-worship is infectious. Although in his twelve chapters he professes to afford us intimate initiation into Conrad's disposition, his talk, his work, his ideas on art, his home, his financial situation, his attitude toward America, and finally his last days on earth, although he professes to do this and, in point of fact, does it, painstakingly and without stint of material, he unquestionably impresses the reader with his own eloquent estimation of Conrad, the friend, rather than with his delineation of Conrad as a personality.

But why not? Surely in these days of unmannerly, if not unhealthful craving after the "personal touch," when intimate, even extremely private, details are sacred alike to the psychiatrist, the boot-licker and the publicity agent, such generous enthusiasm as Mr. Curle's is, to say the least, entirely wholesome. And if its constant rekindling does tend to throw into the shadow certain interesting information, it is within the reader's own province to extricate such details as he wishes and to line them up for future reference and enjoyment: Conrad's contempt for the theatre, his love for the outlines of bare trees, his insensibility to music and to most poetry, his aversion to Stevenson, Melville, Dostoievsky and Tolstoy, his admiration of Flaubert, Dickens and Turgeniev.

Mr. Curle's appreciation extends into his selection of the 150 letters which comprise his second volume, Conrad to a Friend. Here again his desire is not to delineate or to interpret, but to praise and to extol. More than three-quarters of the letters are very brief, hardly more than notes, cordial invitations for week-ends in Kent, expression of sympathy, of gratitude or of depression, kindly inquiries of one sort and another. They in their turn reveal the perfect friend of Mr. Curle's own study, the ne plus ultra among gentlemen.

Only two of the number, in fact, give the somewhat wearied reader any further insight. These welcome letters were written in July, 1923, the summer preceding Conrad's death in August, 1924, and deal with an article on the uniform edition of Conrad written by Mr. Curle for the Times Literary Supplement. Curle had sent his manuscript to Conrad with a request for his corroboration or criticism of its content and presentation. Conrad's reply is full of interest and significance to all those who read his work.

First of all, he wishes above everything else that Curle may free him "from that infernal tail of ships," may make clear to a misinformed public that sea life has about as much bearing on his literary existence, on his quality as a writer, as the enumeration of drawing-rooms which Thackeray frequented could have had on his gift as a great novelist. "After all," he writes, "I may have been a seaman, but I am a writer of prose." And, secondly, he suggests that Curle in his article refute a certain critic who had remarked that there was no difference in method or character between his fiction and his autobiographical matter, such, for example, as appeared in A Personal Record. His own refutation in his letter is perhaps the one indispensable paragraph in Mr. Curle's collection:

"My own impression is that what he really meant was that my manner of telling, perfectly devoid of familiarity as between author and reader, aimed essentially at the intimacy of a personal communication, without any thought for other effects. As a matter of fact, the thought for effects is there all the same (often at the cost of mere directness of narrative) and can be detected in my unconventional grouping and perspective, which are purely temperamental and wherein almost all my 'art' consists. That, I suspect, has been the difficulty the critics felt in classifying it as romantic or realistic. Whereas, as a matter of fact, it is fluid, depending on grouping (sequence) which shifts, and on the changing lights giving varied effects of perspective.

"It is in those matters gradually, but never completely, mastered, that the history of my books really consists."

Thus in these two volumes of no small value or enjoyment has Mr. Curle, by his appreciation of Conrad, completed the trilogy begun by M. Jean-Aubry's exposition and furthered by Mr. Garnett's interpretation.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

Corrective Portraiture

Living India, by Savel Zimand. New York: Longmans Green and Company. $3.00.

THIS is a constructive book, in its arrangement and in its thought. The author divides his work like ancient Gaul into three parts—the background—then the social fabric—and lastly, the India of today seething with unrest.

Though dealing exclusively with India, what is written of the discontent in this peninsula could be said equally of China, Persia, Turkey, Arabia, for the challenge to the British empire has its counterpart in that which China is making against what seems to the Chinese an arrogant assumption of some boasted superiority of the West over the East, seen in the legislation against Asiatic races by western nations, which prevents their free coming and going to Africa, Australia and North America.

There is another aspect, not usually mentioned, which cannot be neglected as a factor in the administration of India. Formerly the Indian Civil Service was an extremely carefully selected body, but owing to agitation in Great Britain it was thrown open to public examination conducted by the Civil Service Commission, with the result that an educational standard was apparently the sole qualification for service in India. Unfortunately, the ability to pass a competitive examination is, of itself, no indication of administrative ability. When the change was made there were not wanting persons who foresaw that the lowering of the standard of selection would, or might, lead to the employment of persons not only unsuited to the essentially diplomatic character of the service, but also, not really capable for some years of attuning minds and manners to the peculiar atmosphere found in the courts of the feudatory princes, and other areas of local administration. The choice of officials remains a delicate matter. This aspect is touched

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upon by Mr. Zimand in his accounts of the regrettable Dyer incident and the events connected with the Akalis massacre.

The position of the British Raj in India has not been rendered easier by the pronouncement of the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain, in the memorandum of Christmas, 1926, in which he invited the powers to make a joint declaration "that in their constructive policy they desire to go as far as possible toward meeting the legitimate aspirations of the Chinese nation, and that they should abandon the idea that the economic and political deevlopment of China can only be secured under foreign tutelage." It is exactly this kind of language in despatches between western nations that the oriental peoples resent. This whole Chamberlain document is saturated with the sentiment of western superiority and condescension. Men like Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, the holy man of modern India, and Rabindranath Tagore and Sivaswamy Iyer are not prepared to be patronized by any British or foreign officials—especially officials in London and Calcutta who maintained such a hypocritical attitude concerning the evidence placed before the commission appointed to inquire into the tragedy of Amritsar, before which many came to give the details of the maladministration of the Punjab, all of it indicating that the type of Indian civil servant has deteriorated and has in some cases become vindictive in his treatment of the Indians.

This volume should be read by all who desire a corrective of the semi-sensational portraiture of India that appeared in Mother India. Here is the work of a careful student and of a calm mind, whose narration of events, facts and life, is as cautious as it is pleasing. The photographs, though small, are illuminating. There is no index.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

A Musician Turned Critic

Monsieur Croché, by Claude Debussy. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

THE appearance of a collection of Debussy's criticisms of music may pardonably offer occasion to bewail the singular absence of a biography of the great composer. There is, to be sure, the valuable work by Louis Laloy, but long out of print and in French, so that we have been obliged to rely upon fugitive articles in the world's periodicals, the Revue Musicale's special Debussy number of a few years ago (also out of print, almost since publication) and Mrs. Leibich's slender, worthy but far too inadequate monograph published during the composer's lifetime. The development of musical history since the war revamped Debussy's position by enlarging his significance and influence upon contemporary musical trends.

It is a veritable curiosity that no musician, of all his confrère's and idolators, was ever visited with the idea that a life of the master of definitive standards was definitely in order: for with Debussy France reclaimed her musical hegemony after two centuries; and so unique a genius singing the "truimph of sensibility" in even more immediate fashion than, say, Marcel Proust, certainly offers the biographer a grateful task and a singular opportunity to enrich the main highway of the literature of music. A man who loved music so unselfishly should in turn be favored more by his mistress's gifts; and one ventures to guess that the writer of the informing foreword to this collection, Lawrence Gilman, has found pleasant the labor of producing the biography of the man whose music, with Wagner's, he seems to love above all others.

"Monsieur Croché" (Debussy) was a contributor to Parisian journals from 1901 to 1914, four years before his death. The French musicologist, Emil Vuillermoz, aptly defines Croché as "the safety valve which guaranteed against danger of explosion a mind in which the pressure of irritation mounted too high." Debussy presents a case of "simple contradiction" with the light-hearted banter and casual shafts of his reviews masking an intense anxiety about the welfare of his muse. He has M. Croché sprinkle sulphur on the Prix de Rome (which Debussy won in the ironical fashion of wilfully composing for the contest à la manière de l' académie) and upon Saint Saëns, whom he despised for allowing his early fresh talent and promise of significance to decay in the hands of success with Sardou and the operatic public.

Debussy's genius was peculiarly "literary"—it is easy to imagine him a master of a variety of literary forms, born to the task. But he chose to express his sensibility in the art of sound, no doubt because of its immediacy. The articles here collected display Debussy in the full charm of his style, gentle, ciliary rhythms pursuing the shifts of his adroit arguments, characteristically brief in length but large in scope, coming to the point with directness and finality. It resembles Santayana's prose, which is not strange, as the two minds were somewhat of the same texture and the same ideals, one eye forever on another and fairer world. It is a true picture of the idealist spirit constantly battered with the inharmonious vibrations of romanticism, which was the cry of the day at the turn of the last century.

For Beethoven, Debussy had great respect; but he could perceive even then, when the heady forces of romanticism dominated the period, what current writers of "debunking" biographies dote on: weakness in the make-up of the masters. He regards the Pastoral Symphony as superficial, imitative rather than expressive of nature. The Choral Symphony he regarded as the apotheosis of the form—thereafter Schumann and Mendelsohn proved its futility. But he admired Beethoven at a distance, and it seems safe to say that Beethoven and Weber were the only romantics whose music did not offend his sensibilities, since they bore considerable affinity to their classic progenitors, Bach, Haydn and Mozart. It was not until the romantic aesthetic became full-blown in the creations of Wagner that Debussy, born into this period, violently reacted against it. These musical moralists, pretenders to revelation, were the complete antithesis of his conception of music.

To read these critiques is to make the acquaintance of the most cultured spirit in music. His thought is always deep; its expression is always elegant and ingratiating. And one becomes aware that his pride of intellect was surpassed only by his love of music.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Verses of Love and Hate

The Hell-God and Other Poems, by Louise Morgan Sill. New York: Harold Vinal, Limited. $2.00.

ONE would easily have divined in the translator of M. Claudel's Tidings Brought to Mary a true initiation into poetry and also into mysticism. So it is doubly a pleasure now to welcome this collection of Louise Morgan Sill's original verses, many of which have already appeared in distinguished company, but at too rare and scattered intervals to become familiar to general readers.

The title poem is an extremely vivid arraignment of war —or rather of the diabolic maker, lover and inspirer of war, a creature close akin to Dante's symbolic demons of hate and

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dissension. That some such grim impersonation has supplanted the old gallant if terrible vision of Mars in the minds of contemporary poets has become evident enough within the last ten years; but the striking fact about Mrs. Sill's work is that it was published in the London Athenaeum during 1913, when Alice Meynell, with characteristic sympathy, congratulated its author upon her "true and fiery word."

Evidently the building of this house of verse must have covered a long space of years, since the poems range from such an ethereal pre-Raphaelite fantasy as An Old Romance, or the cheerful if obvious melody of the Arcady lines, to the stark dramatic freedom of the Litany in War or the Hoof Beats of the Years. Psychologically, this last is one of the most interesting poems in the book: for it sums up the psychology of the modern will to believe; which, asking highly intelligent questions about life and receiving from the visible universe—as Newman himself confessed—no adequate answer, holds still with a faith scarcely less than heroic to the divine intuition, the crowning certitude, of God's love. And this certitude is carried by Mrs. Sill beyond mere peace of the intellect into that ecstasy of joy in the face of pain which inspires her poem Halleluiah—that praise of "God the sculptor, God the painter, God the poet," which interprets the Precious Blood in a metaphor almost staggering in its bold beauty.

High-hearted always is Mrs. Sill's song of death—and of the human love which, by divine compassion and through divine communion, she sees prevailing over death. And very tender-hearted is her understanding of the beasts of the earth —particularly the scornful, tawny tiger and the companionable but inscrutable cat in his "titian fur." Obviously she can sing, easily enough; but in many of her best moments she chooses to speak—with much of the delicate penetration, the subtlety, the quiet intensity of Alice Meynell.

One leaves the book haunted by swift vignettes of her imagism: the "tiger murderous and true" of Deception (a beauty of a poem!); the "little wasp-like leaves that sting" through her French springtime;

". . . the armored ugliness
Of somnolent and sly-eyed crocodiles;"

and, in a poem whose fruity paganism suggests the Comtesse de Noailles, that splendid climax which Madame de Noailles could not have written—

"Sun! Sun! I could have worshipped thee if One
Greater than thou had not His message sent."

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

The Primitive Universe

The Book of Earths, by Edna Kenton. New York: William Morrow and Company. $6.00.

A COMPARISON of the contents of this book with such a work as Jeans's Astronomy and Cosmogony offers an admirable means of judging the extent to which man's astronomical and cosmological outlook has expanded under the influence of modern science. This is not a history of astronomical theory or speculation. It grew, as the author informs us, out of a collection of figures of the earth and old maps which had been brought together in a rather haphazard fashion. Its plan is neither systematic nor chronological, and being such, the author has been free to discuss synthetically many of the strange though widespread conceptions of the earth and the stars found among primitive peoples.

These thoughts, theories and suppositions represent pioneer steps in astronomical and cosmological science. They were not confined to any age or any people, and there is as much pleasure to be derived from a study of the system of the Osage Indians, the Aztecs or other American peoples as from those of the Babylonians, the Egyptians or the Assyrians. That modern stellar theory differs from that of the ancients goes without saying. Though Miss Kenton does not go so far as another recent investigator who says that "the savage is more scientific in his way of thinking about origins than is the civilized philosopher of more recent times," neither does she commit herself to modern theories to the extent of looking on them as final.

Modern science with its instruments of precision and its enormous body of observed fact has not yet penetrated all the secrets of the heavens above or the earth below. It differs essentially, however, from primitive speculation in the fact that it wholly excludes the religious element. In non-scientific times men conceived of things in their relation to the higher powers and to human life. It is this fact, the religious aspect, that gives primitive thought and theory their inextinguishable vitality. Science was not then coldly aloof and impersonal: it touched the centre of human life and contained the very essence of poetry and the drama. The earth, or the theories about the earth, discussed here are woven out of primitive beliefs regarding man, his coming hither and his going hence, his birth, his days of struggle and his passage to regions beyond. Thoughts about himself suggested theory about his habitation, and the earth was invested with a history as varied as that of man himself.

The little universe of the unaided vision of man was considered a unit. Its component parts were held together in mysterious ways. The earth was the centre resting on some foundation, which the untrained imagination supplied, under a sky held up by invisible, but nevertheless adequate, supports, and running through earth and heaven there were mysterious currents of life and energy, and all parts were bound together by paths known only to the feet of the higher powers and accessible to the sons of men only when on their last journey to the realms beyond. Trees and mountains and rivers played strange parts in this cosmos. They were oddly linked with human life, and in the thought of those who saw the linking they had a rude but distinct individuality of their own.

Many such features of the subject are set forth by Miss Kenton, and though the work is neither systematic nor exhaustive, it opens an easy avenue into a realm of human thought when it was not spoiled by scientific exactness or trammeled by mathematical precision.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

Two Literary Moods

The Vicar's Daughter, by E. H. Young. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.50.

Lean Twilight, by Edward Shenton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

THE novel is rare enough these days of which the reader is compelled to read every word under the spell of the author's method, or of the curiosities of his insight. In The Vicar's Daughter these admirable qualities of charm and clarity are combined with the happy result that here is an engrossing novel of pronounced literary merit which depends on none of the usual tricks for holding the reader's interest. Mrs. Young is of the spiritual lineage of Jane Austen in her ability to wrest drama from the commonplace and the parochial. The

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reader—scarcely knowing why—becomes intensely interested in two reverend gentlemen of the Church of England—one of them very near to being a moon-calf: in a church-warden, his brother and his brother's cat: in the light-hearted vicar's wife threatened with a problem: finds them as real as if they lived next door: more so, perhaps, for Mrs. Young's people have the sharp distinctness in which neighbors are not always limned; blurred neighbors are rather common in this age of rush.

The book is interspersed with charming aquarelles of nature, lending color to the story without disturbing its orderly sequence; and here and there are bits of wisdom which might be digested with profit by the writers who see only what they consider the Frankenstein aspects of marriage.

Lean Twilight, by contrast, reflects the attitude of certain of the younger American writers toward the problems they approach with far too much solemnity, considering that they will admit nothing but blind forces in the world about them. After all why take anything seriously in a cosmic insane asylum? The heroine of The Vicar's Daughter lightly blows a grateful kiss to God, out her great relief that the supposed scandal of her husband's youth had no foundation: Camar, the central figure of Lean Twilight, is found in the last chapter, consulting her engagement book as the one volume capable of deadening memory and relieving the tedium of existence. Yet the author forgets her occasionally to strain back to "the ecstasy of throngs singing together in a world radiant with mystery" before the arid time when "no divine song lingered in the heart, only a tawdry personal religion: God remade in the image of man."

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

The Grimness and Glory of Chivalry

The Unconquered Knight: A Chronicle of the Deeds of Don Pero Nino, by Gutierre Diaz de Gamez; translated and selected from El Vitorial by Joan Evans. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

MANY of the world's most interesting books have, since Xenophon, been written by soldiers. The habit of directness, the instinct for effective attack, remain in the martial hand when it exchanges the sword for the pen. This is very much a soldier's book. Gutierre de Gamez served his lord, Pero Nino, Count of Buelna, for half a century. The first twenty-nine years were one long warfare. Afterward came a period of peace, embassies in place of forays, tourneys instead of battles; and during these years the old warrior composed this chronicle in praise of his master. Coming down to us through several manuscripts, from which an authentic text has been without much difficulty arrived at, this picture of knightly life, manners and warfare five centuries ago has the charm and value of a window suddenly opened on an unfamiliar world.

It was in the year 1402 that Pero Nino and the faithful and adoring Gutierre, both twenty-three years of age, began their long association, and the chronicle ends with the year 1449. It covers a period of which the features are less clear to us today than the crusading centuries that preceded or the age of great voyages which followed. The former are reflected in the constant warfare with Moors and Arabs; the latter are foreshadowed by the daring ventures of the Spanish galleys. The Spain that was about to flower in greatness and rule the world for its day, is seen taking shape. The chivalry that had begun at Ronscevalles still flourished in pride, but had become self-conscious, so that De Gamez could write of it as an "art," and found ready to his rough soldier hand, elaborate and flowery rules of its technique; and jousting for the honor of a White Lady was an acceptable substitute when the supply of actual war fell short.

Different temperaments will experience different major reactions to this chronicle. The reflective and compassionate mind cannot avoid a degree of melancholy in the face of this frank uncovering of just a little of the age-long agony of warfare, murder and brutality with which mankind has tortured itself. The modern Catholic can find but melancholy comfort in reflecting that the Moors and Berbers were as ardent in foray and pillage, sack and sudden death, when they had the opportunity, as these Christian knights and soldiers were, in the name of the gentle Christ.

Anyway, to those who can read of battle and adventure without being bothered by the blood, reveling only in the stir and throb of human action and the marvels of human courage and endurance, this should be a great book. As a sheer tale of adventure it far surpasses, in its forthright relation of real happenings, most fictions and inventions even by masters of romance. There are many other fascinating things in it—the naïve account of the hierarchic structure of chivalry, extending down from God and Saint Michael; the sage counsel of the young Pero's tutor, fragrant with Catholic piety; the story of how the knight won in the field of love despite royal opposition; but its chief power is in the passages dealing with voyaging and battle. And as a brief sample of the kind of sinewy and exciting prose that old Gutierre could write, take this: "They began their voyage by calling upon the name of God. All day they sailed, having the wind and the seas on their cheek. The waves came at them, and covered the galleys up to the middle of the decks. Thus they sailed along all day. At sunset, the moon appeared; little by little she ate up all the clouds, cleared the sky and shone brilliantly."

The Unconquered Knight is the first volume in a series, the Broadway Mediaeval Library, designed to "illustrate every aspect of mediaeval life"—an admirable project.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Understanding the Fathers

The Making of the Constitution, by Charles Warren. New York: Little, Brown and Company.

MR. WARREN has written no treatise on the constitution. He lets the men who made it explain in this one volume, through their personal letters and through the debates and public comment during the Federal Convention of 1787, why they thought a constitution and a central government so necessary that they forced it through, against the will or over the indifference of a distrustful or apathetic majority of American citizens.

It is a frank challenge to the current tendency to portray the group that stood for a constitution and a strong central government as men actuated mainly by selfish "economic" interests. It seeks to show from their own writings that these men were moved by high and generous ideals and supported by the sober, sturdy, middle citizenry, "neither very rich nor very poor," though certainly they belonged to that "colonial caste" pride in which a leading Catholic editor has recently branded as something "pathological."

It is more than ever necessary for this generation of American citizens to understand the conditions, inharmonious, often conflicting and apparently irreconcilable, out of which the consti-

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tution and the central government emerged; the motives of the members of the Federal Convention in framing each clause, resulting in a document ambiguous or wholesomely elastic, according to one's point of view.

We are very far away from the conditions in which the federal government was formed. The direction given to our national political development in the first decades of the republic under the guidance of the men whose theory and practice had prevailed, formed the minds of those who resorted to civil war as the supreme test of the meaning of the constitution. Since that test we have been a national political unit. Sectionalism, on which the constitution was based, is today a public crime. Nullification, the essential ergo of state rights, has assumed the connotation of a violation of public morals; state rights have sunk to a theory, a mere shibboleth of the remote past in which so many Americans of today had no part.

The conviction that the states are masters, and the federal government merely their agent—that the constitution is only a set of instructions to that agent revocable at will, could hardly outlast the isolation of those thirteen states which created the constitution and the central government; it could not hold with the same vigor in any state created by the federal government out of land ceded by individual creator states to themselves as a whole or acquired by the central government. It could hardly hold today among citizens who had nothing to do with that creation, who found the nation in being as a unit, the federal government supreme when they arrived, and the compromise constitution a sacred ark of the covenant.

There is a tendency today to look upon the generation which made it as a caste of which we are well rid. Nevertheless, they made the America in which millions of later Americans have found material prosperity, and in which it is possible to find happiness and spiritual security. Mr. Warren lets them tell us why they did it.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Good Yarns and True

Under the Red Jack: Privateers of the Maritime Provinces of Canada in the War of 1812, by C. H. J. Snider. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

ANYONE with a love for really good sea yarns should read this book, especially since the yarns in it are not merely exciting and romantic but true, having been dug out of ancient log-books and records and newspapers, largely at Halifax which was the focus of Canadian privateering during the war of 1812. Many people have an idea that privateers and pirates were the same kind of people—an entirely mistaken notion for, until 1856 when privateering was abolished by international treaty, these officers and men held a position corresponding to their brethren in the regular navy, and the ships sailed under license from the king of England or the President of the United States, as the case might be, or their duly appointed deputies. For, though Mr. Snider deals largely with Canadian privateers, as might be expected from the sources which he was able to tap, there were swarms of American privateers about the eastern coasts, many of these little vessels—for little they usually were—changing hands so as to be now under Canadian, now under American command. There is no more romantic history in this book than that of the Teazer, an American ship, and of its end, and of the "Teazer light" which hundreds of sober, unimaginative inhabitants of Halifax aver that they see from time to time over those troubled waters where the Teazer disappeared in flames.

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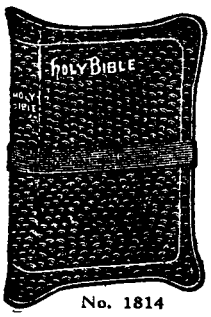

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Perhaps the most fascinating story is that of the Liverpool Packet (of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, of course) which knife-shaped hawk of the seas, originally a captured slaver, was condemned by the Vice-admiralty at Halifax and there sold. It became the scourge of sea-borne traffic along the New England coast and especially around Cape Cod, a favorite haunt of this marvelous boat—for marvelous indeed must have been the sailing ship which could capture and dispatch with prize crews to Halifax, two vessels at points two hundred and fifty miles distant in one period of twenty-four hours, not to speak of dodging hostile men of war. In fact her depredations are said to have cost the enemy one million dollars and she made her owner one of the richest men in North America.

But then it must be remembered that almost all goods were carried by sea. There were no railways, of course, nor canals, and but few roads, and there were only two wagons carrying goods between Boston and Providence. Hence the rich harvest which both sides, but especially the Canadian, were able to reap through these privateering boats. There was more chivalry then than in the recent war, for privateers were forbidden to interfere with fishing boats (which German submarines often treated with great brutality along the coast of Ireland) and the subjoined "Card" from a contemporary newspaper of St. John, New Brunswick, is of much interest in this connection.

There had been a fight between the United States two-gun sloop Wasp, of forty tons burthen—such were the warships of the day, or some of them—and the Bream, a little British patrol. The Bream was victorious and took its prisoners into St. John, the fight having taken place in the Bay of Fundy. Here is the card from the St. John Courier of June 17, 1813: "A card. Lieutenant Hare, commander of H. M. Schooner Bream, is respectfully requested to accept the sincere thanks of Captain Ernest A. Ervin, commander of the American privateer Wasp of Salem, for the very courteous, friendly and gentlemanlike treatment received while a prisoner on board, the deportment observed to him being more like a friend and a countryman than that of a declared enemy." A highly creditable incident on both sides.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

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